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PEACE PROSPECTS.

THE tone of mind which befits the English people at present is that of moderation—that golden mean—which was the favourite doctrine of the ancient philosophers. No doubt, it is rather hard to hit. We ought to be in cheerful expectation of peace—willing to welcome it—and yet we ought to be prepared for possible disappointment. It is certainly strange that Russia should have all of a sudden changed her tactics, should have swallowed the Four Points at a gulp, and acknowledged herself beaten. Day after day, since the first news shook the world, have people wondered whether it was not all too good to be true. Was it a mistake of some sanguine person's?—was it a trick of the Court of St. Petersburg, to test European opinion? Whether or no, thinks everybody, let us hope that it is true; and let us know what we are going to do, if it prove false.

No doubt, the opinion of well-informed persons, up to the 17th inst., was in favour of the probability that the war would last. A Conservative print had indeed maintained the contrary, but we rather fancied that this was a case of the wish being father to the thought. The "Quarterly Review" has a long and elaborate paper, learned and laborious, written on the assumption that no peace is probable, and well worth study by those who want to know how infamously mismanaged have been our proceedings in Asia. At the best, then, we should not be too confident;—if we now attain an honourable peace, we are wonderfully lucky.

Russia's conversion must be owing to her observation—not so much of the skill of our Government, which (with the one exception of Palmerston) is lamentable indeed, as of the constancy of our public opinion. The English have abused their leaders, and lamented their losses; but they have stuck to their cause. The war was the result of many sorts of impulsive passion—the love of war itself, which is stronger than people used to believe—the democratic hatred of the Czar and the knout—the general disgust at bullies, which men feel like schoolboys. These—all mingled with the one proud, predominant feeling of the old strength and glory of England—have

proved far too strong, both for Russians abroad and traitors at home. Russell, who never had an idea or an emotion uncoloured by low party selfishness; Graham, whose whole life is of a piece with his Post Office tricks; Herbert, who has the narrowness of a mere *élegant*; and Cobden, who has the narrowness of a bagman,—have in vain tried to chouse England out of its ancient honour. The country was all ready—is all ready—to go forward. If Russia thought better of it, it was not that the Peace Party induced her. The Peace Party have done nothing towards the peace; we owe our good prospects to the pleasant hum of the work in our dockyards—to the cheerful glare of forge fires in our ironworks—to the Council of War at Paris. Let us quite understand this. If we do not, we shall be bored to death by little fussy noodles, pretending they preached the Czar into a state of meekness. Let us be exceedingly grateful to our gun and mortar boats, our long sixty-eights, and iron batteries; and let us be thankful that we had one Minister in the country whom we did not despise as a driveller, and who had the pluck to put himself at our head.

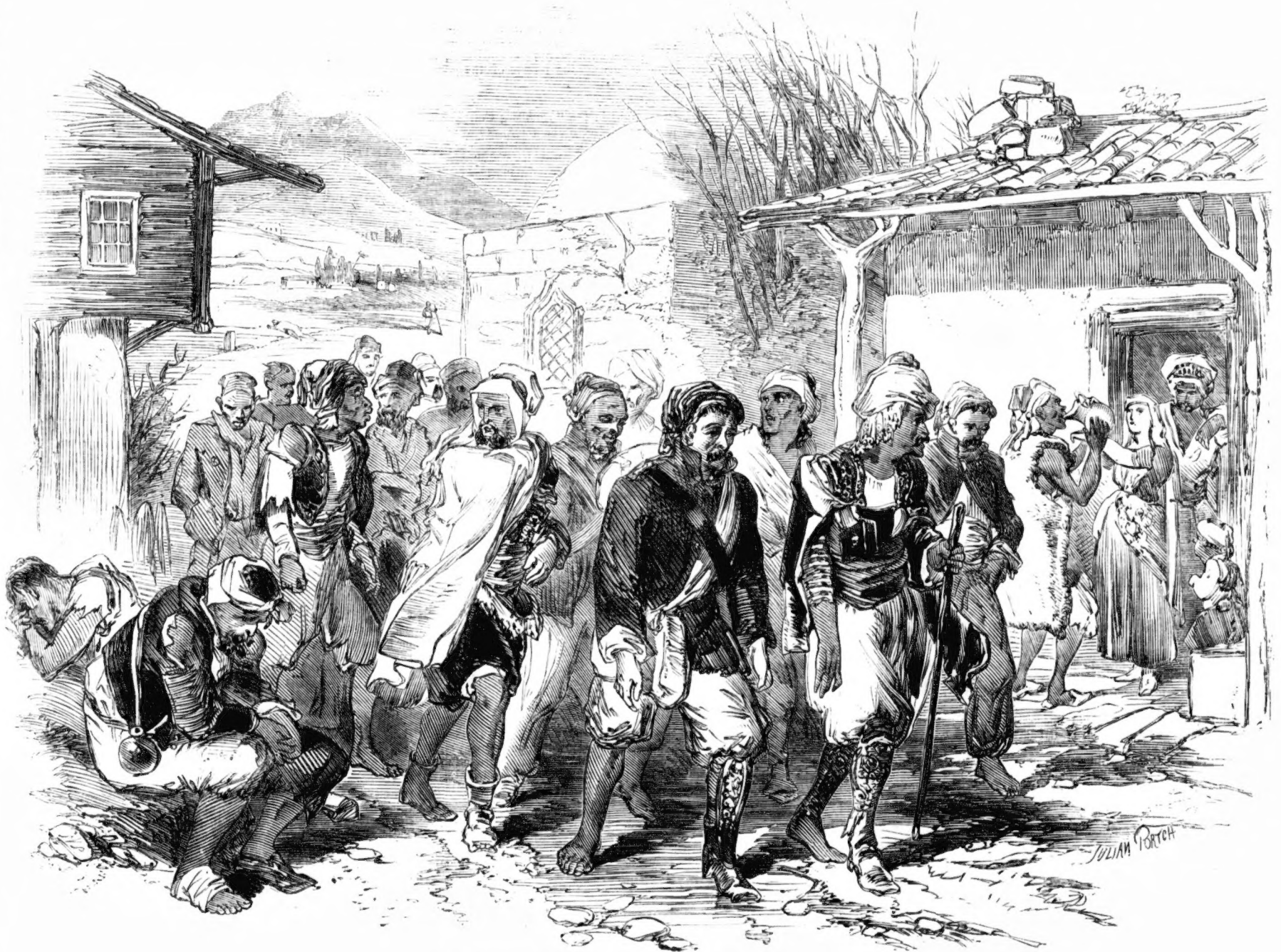
We must not forget, also, that we owe something of this to Prussia—not to Prussia's generosity, but to Prussia's prudence. The fact was becoming obvious that she could not be allowed to grow rich by a contemptible service as a go-between, in breach of neutrality. Another campaign, and her ports must have been blockaded; possibly her frontiers might have been threatened. Her King is not the Bacchus which mendacious buffoons make him; and whatever his deficiencies, was never wanting in intellectual perception. He must have seen that the war would extend itself, precisely as a fire does; he must have known that, in that case, a popular dynasty like Napoleon's—itsself a part of the revolutionary strength of Europe—would have elements in it, not only stronger than, but in many ways dangerous to, his own. We have no doubt he has aided our cause with Russia, and that the Austrian Government, from the same kind of conservative motives, has been anxious to finish the war. This war has not been like the old wars—the wars which the magnificent Louis made, who marched a hundred thousand men to the frontiers

as coolly as Staunton moves his "king's pawn two." This war has had not been one of those

"games, which, were their subjects wise, Kings would not play at."

At all events, it has not been so on the part of the West. It has been a popular war, into which potentates have been dragged. The cant of Quakerism has all come from the descendants of heroes this time. Poor Hodge, the churl, has had to coax Front-de-bœuf to lead him. It has been considered, in good company, a revolutionary affair, and the joy at its close will be essentially conservative. And, no doubt, we may all be thankful that it has not exceeded its proper province—the curbing of Russia—the crippling of Russia, as a threatener of Europe. There is nothing which changes its character, as it goes along, so fast as a war. If it lasted, the present one would assume a hundred new shapes: as the Princess, in the "Arabian Nights," fought the genie—now as a flame, now as a sword, and so on. It could stop at no better time: it has lasted long enough to warn Russia, and to warn ourselves. It has shown her that she is not so great as she fancied; and us, that we had better reform our administration, while we have one left to reform.

We shall not repeat the old narratives of the way in which Russia has been spreading this hundred years—we all know it; but this much we have all learned by the war—we know what Russia is now. Before 1854, her position towards us was peculiar. One class of persons thought her a real "bogey," capable of eating everything up; another class said the "bogey" was only a turnip-lantern, and not a spectre at all. The first maintained that she was irresistible; the second delighted to tell us that bribery ate at the heart of her administration, and that she was rotten throughout. Both were mistaken. Fact has shown that she cannot beat England and France; but it has also shown that her system of government is admirable—that her governors can lead her people, and that her people believe in her governors. Her defence of Sebastopol was highly honourable, and she comes out of the contest beaten, but not dishonoured. On the other hand, we English have bungled at every



BASHI-BAZOUKS ON THEIR WAY FROM KARS TO ERZEROUH.

step; sometimes so shamefully, that we shall never forget it. We have "expended" an army, and our navy has disappointed everybody.

Under the most favourable circumstances, months must elapse before the treaties can be finally signed, armies withdrawn, accounts made up, and all squared. If no hitch occurs—if the "basis" on which negotiations are to proceed proves a rock, and not a quicksand (and let us not dawdle away the summer over it, only to find peace postponed till it is too late to fight)—if the Points are fairly accepted—we shall have done well. The treaty with Sweden provides that no further encroachment thereabouts shall give Russia that position on the German Ocean to which she aspires. Her teeth will have been drawn from the lower jaw more effectually still, by the destruction of the docks at Sebastopol and the Black Sea fleet. The Danube will be a free river; a rich commerce may be hoped, through the ports of the Black Sea, from regions at once the richest and the least developed in the world; and peace will leave us at leisure to settle our difficulties with America, the agitators of which will not be so ready to bluster as they have been of late.

We apprehend no change of Government while these possible good things are being put into final order. In plain words, we hope the country will suffer no men to reap the harvest of the war who have not shared in the burdens of it—still less, who have embarrassed, prolonged, and disgraced it. We repeat, that if the war now ends, it ends because we are resolute, and in spite of the efforts of statesmen, who, by prematurely attempting to end it, in reality encouraged Russia to persevere. The Russell faction will, of course, be anxious to make the most of the new position, and we anticipate a whole batch of new "cries," as soon as the country is fairly free again, for the old routine of domestic quackery and cant. Do not let us forget what this war has taught us—that a fellow may be quite capable of "leading" a batch of blockheads, and moving the order of the day, and yet break down absurdly when real work, and not stale routine, is put upon his shoulders. Be it what it may, Lord Palmerston has, at least, done the best of any man we have tried. Some men were not tried, and we cannot speak of them; some men were, and failed dishonourably. Lord Palmerston was, and, at least, did best of all. We are glad that he proved the best, too. Accident associated him with the Whigs, but the Whigs showed him no more friendship than they were compelled to do; and this from the mean old motive, that he was not of the regular old borough-owning breed of '88; though, if birth be anything, he is better descended than Russells, Cavendishes, or Seymours; and if wit be anything, he is far beyond the present members of either of these houses, which (by the way) never produced a first-rate man, and seem now to be running short of second-rate ones.

We postpone a shoal of questions,—Turkey—the probably serious position of the diplomatist who so absurdly took the title of "de Redcliffe," and who lost us Kars because he had lost his temper, &c., &c. The truth is, we cannot be quite sure that peace is safe; but, at least, the prospects of it are more favourable than they have ever yet been since the commencement of hostilities.

BASHI-BAZOUKS ON THEIR WAY TO ERZEROUH.

WHEN General Mouravieff took possession of Kars, he very wisely decided upon setting at liberty the whole of the Turkish irregular troops. The Russians seem to have but a low opinion of these undisciplined and not over-brave warriors. Half-starved by famine, Mouravieff doubtless thought that at this season of the year, even if they broke the promise which they were compelled to make, of not again taking up arms against the Russians during the present war, they would be no very formidable enemies, and he therefore prudently resolved not to burden himself with their support throughout the long winter months, but to send the poor hungry wretches forth to feed as best they might upon the fat of the land. Liberty in their case, however, proved but a cruel gift. A Siberian winter had set in along the loftier mountain ranges, and 150 of them were on one occasion smothered in a "teppi," or snow-storm, within the wild passes of the Sivanlidagh. Numbers, too, were frozen to death, and those who arrived in safety at Erzeroum, weary and footsore, and haggard looking, owed their preservation to the kind treatment they received from the inhabitants of the different villages through which they passed. The Russians, it seems, had forwarded orders to this effect in advance. The wild Bashi-Bazouks, exhausted by famine and disarmed by the Russian officials, must have appeared to their eyes harmless as a tiger with its claws clipped and its teeth drawn. He no longer shouted his wild war-whoop—his voice, if heard, was one of abject supplication. There was no fear of his murdering women and little children, as he is too often falsely accused of doing, and the Armenian peasantry felt themselves safe even against his plundering propensities. Most of the liberated Bashi-Bazouks took the direction of Erzeroum, and according to the latest accounts received from that city, stragglers were still coming in. At Erzeroum, there is known to be a good store of provisions, and we hope the authorities have gratified these famished compatriots of theirs with many a hearty meal.

Many of the regular army took the precaution of mingling amongst the ranks of the Bashi-Bazouks, and thus liberated themselves cheaply from captivity. Altogether about seven thousand in number are supposed to have been liberated, but it is not possible yet to estimate these accurately, as, at the last accounts, many of them are yet on the road, detained by illness or weakness. Besides these, there are about twelve hundred sick in the hospitals of Kars. The medical officers of the garrison had permission to retire to Erzeroum, but they have remained to take charge of the sick.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE Duke of Cambridge, General della Marmora, General Airey, Sir H. Jones, Sir E. Lyons, and Admiral Dundas, left Paris on Monday, and embarked for Dover in the *Vieil*. They arrived in London early the following morning.

The acceptance of the Austrian ultimatum by Russia is too recent to have produced as yet much beneficial effect on the trade of Paris, but most sanguine expectations are founded on the consequences of that event by the mercantile classes of that capital.

The French papers reputed to be connected with the Government, are assuming that the four first of the Esterhazy propositions express all that France and England demand of Russia, and when not entirely ignoring the fifth point, assuring their readers that the Allies, or at any rate France, will not make use of it to raise difficulties about Bomarsund. The "Presse" considers an armistice as imminent, and the "Débats" thinks peace is as good as made.

M. de Morny, it is said, will be the Plenipotentiary for France at the coming Conference, supposing them to be held out of the country, and the Parisian populace already look on peace as a *fait accompli*.

The *Moniteur* contains a decree for organising the artillery of the Imperial Guard.

The Emperor received on Sunday, at a special audience, M. de Olozaga, the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Queen of Spain.

King Otho, wishing to testify to Prince Napoleon his gratitude for the encouragement given to the Greek exhibitors, proposes to send to his Imperial Highness the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Saviour.

SPAIN.

A NEW Cabinet has been constructed at Madrid, Espartero being President of the Council, as before, without a portfolio, and O'Donnell Minister of War.

The *Débats* says of those newly appointed—M. Arias Uribe, the new Minister of Justice, is an advocate, and a member of the Constituent Assembly for the province of Coruna. He belongs to the moderate Progressist party, but has not taken any very active part in politics; he is, however, a fair speaker. M. Lagun, the new Minister of Public Works, held the same department in the first ministry formed by Marshal Espartero after the events of July, 1854, but was excluded in June last by the opposition of the extreme parties. He is an artillery officer, possesses great aptitude for superintending the execution of great public works, enjoys a high character for disinterestedness and probity, and is an intimate friend of Espartero. M. Patrio de la Escosura, the new Minister of the Interior, is an excellent speaker, and it is probably to relieve Marshal O'Donnell of the burden of supporting parliamentary discussions on the part of the cabinet, which task at present falls entirely on him, that M. de la Escosura has been nominated. He is an advocate, is said to be very learned in the law, and is the principal author of a highly esteemed general law dictionary, which is now being published in Spain.

Some journals, both Spanish and foreign, persist in it: that Lord Howden is on bad terms with France, but this statement is said to be without foundation. His Lordship will have a grand dinner party on the 22nd, including 40 guests, the banquet being entirely in honour of the French Ambassador and Ambassadors, and the day chosen by themselves.

AUSTRIA.

DURING the last few days the representatives of the Western Powers have had frequent and prolonged conferences with the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and it is known that the following two questions are now under discussion—On what terms is the armistice to be concluded, and how long is it to last? When and where is the Peace Congress to meet?

The Austrian Government, it is said, has steadfastly set its face against a continuation of the war. All the journals have been ordered to express their confidence that the negotiations will lead to a treaty. The "Donau," for expressing doubts of their successful termination, has been seized and confiscated.

A very angry correspondence is said to be taking place between the Vatican and the Government of Austria on the use which has been made of the late Concordat in Lombardy. The Austrian Government having committed the error of inviting the new Papal jurisdiction, is now seeking to protest against its use in the Italian States of the Austrian empire.

Sir Hamilton Seymour, the English Ambassador, who, from not being able to find a suitable house, is still residing at the Hotel of the Roman Emperor, is at present in treaty with Prince Liechtenstein for a suite of apartments, containing forty rooms, in the Prince's palace, Herrgasse, No. 251, to take possession in April next.

PRUSSIA.

It is said that before the opening of the Conferences, the Western Powers will demand from Prussia that she shall adopt the propositions accepted by Russia, and guarantee for her co-operation in case peace should not result from the Conferences.

The most strenuous efforts will be made by Prussia to obtain a participation in the renewed Conferences.

Count Benckendorff will bring the confidential communication from the Czar, consequent on the altered position of affairs.

RUSSIA.

PRINCE PASKIEWITCH is given up by his medical attendants. The action of the cancer on the stomach can be now discerned externally. Any movement of the patient is impossible. He is now under the magnetic treatment of Baron Klotz.

Accounts from Warsaw state that, notwithstanding the rumours of peace, preparations for war are still being carried on with great activity in Poland. Couriers and aides-de-camp are constantly on the move between Warsaw, Kowno, Wilna, and Kiev. Workmen are constantly arriving from Saxony, Prussia, and even from North America, who have been engaged to work in the arsenals. The division of cuirassiers of the guard, which lately quitted Poland, has taken up a position near Houm, in Lithuania, where the division of cavalry of the reserve of the guard under General Grunewald was formerly stationed.

POLAND.

A LETTER from Warsaw of the 10th, in the "Hamburg Correspondent," says—"The arrangements connected with the reforms to be introduced into the kingdom of Poland, which had been suspended in consequence of the illness of Prince Paskiewitch, have been resumed. It is said that Poland is to be divided into three governments instead of five, the chief towns being Warsaw, Lublin, and Radom. The governors are to unite the civil and military powers, and are to remain subordinate to the governor-general of the kingdom. The finance department is to depend altogether on that of St. Petersburg."

DENMARK.

A LETTER from Copenhagen of the 16th says—"The treaty concluded between Sweden and the Western Powers has determined the Cabinet of St. Petersburg to declare itself in a note on the state of the discussions relative to the frontiers and the reciprocal pretensions of Russia and Sweden. The Swedish Government has not replied to this note, so that it is yet impossible to know what there may be of truth in the Russian statement."

ITALY.

A LETTER from Rome of the 10th, in the "Piemonte" of Turin, says—"In consequence of a late edict of the Cardinal-Vicar for the observance of Sundays and holidays, the police were actively engaged last Sunday in visiting houses where people were suspected of being at work. Some were arrested and fined. Several gentlemen suspected of having bought something on that day were stopped in the streets and searched to ascertain the truth."

SARDINIA.

THE bill for a loan of thirty millions of francs was on the 16th instant adopted by the Chamber of Deputies by a majority of 109 to 28.

TURKEY.

A LETTER from Constantinople, in the "Débats," states that General Kmety is about to leave that city, in order to assume an important command at Erzeroum, and that General Colman will be chief of the staff at the same place. General Guyon is also to have a command in the army of Asia.

The Turkish Ministry of War has again fallen into pecuniary embarrassment, in consequence of the obstinacy of the Seraskier in refusing to recognise the powers of the financial commission to control the expenditure of the proceeds of the last loan. These powers have, however, been duly consented to by the Porte.

The workmen of the Mint have been busily employed lately, by order of the Sultan, in manufacturing presents for the Allied Sovereigns. Sabres are destined for the Emperor of the French, the King of Sardinia, and Prince Albert, and necklaces, in brilliants, for Queen Victoria and the Empress. These articles are said to be of enormous value. It was observed to the Sultan that such costly presents were little in harmony with the impoverished state of the finances; to which he is said to have replied, that the brilliants have not had to be purchased, as they formed part of the treasure of the Crown, and that he thought no better use could be made of them than in offering them, as a feeble mark of his gratitude, to his august Allies.

The negotiations relative to the re-organisation of the Danubian Principalities will be opened as soon as the French and English Ambassadors shall have received their instructions from their respective Governments.

PERSIA.

THE rupture of relations between Persia and England is confirmed, the Shah having declined the mediation of France.

Immediately after learning the fall of Kars, Mr. Murray, on his part, declined to make any concession, and quitted Teheran with the whole of the English Legation. On the 6th of December, he arrived at Kiou, near Moussoul.

The War.

THE ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

COLONEL FEILDING AND OMAR PACHA'S DIFFICULTIES. In consequence of the supposed difficulties of Omar Pacha's position, it was determined, a few days since, to despatch Lieutenant-Colonel Feilding, of the Coldstream Guards, in the *Banshee* steamer, to ascertain particulars. As Colonel Feilding was riding to Balacava for the purpose of embarking, his horse slipped and fell, and one of his legs, on the animal rolled, was so severely bruised that he was unable to perform his mission. The *Banshee* left, however, and has now returned, bringing despatches from the Turkish generalissimo. According to these, the position is sufficiently secure, and he has no present necessity for reinforcements or assistance.

COLONEL LEFROY'S MISSION AND RETURN TO ENGLAND.

Colonel Lefroy, Royal Artillery, who has been sent out on a special mission by the Minister of War, is to leave the Crimea in a day or two on his return to England. It is understood that the object of his journey to the East has been to investigate and compare the expenditure of the various civil and military hospital establishments of the army.

THE SOLDIERS FIGHTING THEIR BATTLES O'ER AGAIN.

During part of yesterday there was a thaw, and some slight rain fell. The temperature fell towards night, and it commenced to snow. This morning the ground was covered a foot deep or upwards. This has afforded immense amusement to the men, who immediately set to work and erected mimic fortifications in various parts of the camps. Ambuscades, redoubts, and batteries rose in all directions; vast stores and piles of what-shot were rapidly accumulated, wing challenged wing, or regiment challenged regiment; leaders were chosen, flags waved, and the old sounds of "Stand to your arms," "Forward," &c., were again heard. In some of these sham fights the same ardour might be witnessed, which was not long since exhibited in contests of a more deadly nature. Communications were made under flags of truce. Prisoners were captured, and in many of the actions the number taken seemed to decide the victory; the remnants being driven ignominiously by overpowering numbers to seek shelter in their huts, or escape in flight across the camps.

In the Light Division there was a hot contest between the 1st and 2nd Brigades. The middle ravine was the great point in dispute. As one brigade charged down, the other retired; and then, as the former came almost to a standstill, through being blown while ascending the enemy's side of the ravine, it was sure to be charged down upon, losing, in all probability, several men, taken prisoners. This great, still unsettled battle, was at last stopped by the Brigade-Major, but not until he had got well slated himself. Amongst the prisoners taken by the 2nd Brigade, who were in most cases dragged by their legs down and up the sides of the ravine, were Colonel Wellesley, 7th Fusiliers, Captain Thynne, Rifle Brigade, and several other officers. Although it was rumoured that the 1st Brigade threw stones inside their snowballs in some cases, still no one was seriously hurt: there might have been, as at a school-fight, a few bloody noses and cut faces.

"ODDS AND ENDS."

The *Osprey* steamer, with Government parcels, has arrived, and the *Europa* is still lying in harbour, with drafts on board. The main road, considering the weather, is in very good order, but Balacava last night was in a shocking state. The French have taken to putting up signposts at every spot where two roads meet. Some of our bands, particularly the Rifle Brigade and Light Infantry, are learning French music, but they will take some time to surpass, if ever, the 77th Regiment. To-night Jan. 5 the amateur actors, Fourth Division, give another performance. One of the pieces to be acted is the "Moustache Movement." Everything is rising in price. Bad eggs are now 3d. each. At Kerch more than 40 of the Contingent have been made prisoners by the Cossacks, and an English officer has been killed. By an after order, the 6th January (Sunday, to-morrow) has been arranged for this army to subscribe to the Nightingale Fund. The Commander-in-Chief, as an example, gives a day's pay. The only cavalry now before Sebastopol are the 11th Hussars. In consequence of the distance to go for huts, the transport having failed, the 1st Division and the 4th have given up the idea of entirely hutting themselves. In the camp for the last three days the great topic of conversation has been war or peace. Drunkenness is decidedly on the decrease; the army never was so healthy, so the clergy and doctors report; the former are getting huts given to them for churches and libraries, and appear to wish to surpass Bosquet's Roman Catholic chapel behind the 2nd Division in style of architecture.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CENTRE DOCK.

A day or two ago the English Engineers blew up the bottom of the centre dock, which is at top 236 feet long and 95 feet 4 inches wide, and at bottom 191 feet long and 40 feet wide. There were thirteen charges in all—eleven of 160 lbs. each, and two of 300 lbs. each—total 2,360 lbs. of powder. The hour named was half-past four; but all was not ready for Mr. Dean to operate upon with his ten voltaic batteries and electric wires till an hour and a half after, when the demolition was pronounced complete as far as it went. Two cables were again used, to which the small wires leading to each charge were attached. In addition to a large number of engineer officers, there were present, although it was dark, the Commander-in-Chief, with two aides-de-camp, Brigadier-General Straube, with his aide-de-camp, and two officers of the 11th Hussars, viz., Captain Dallas Yorke and Cornet Wilkin, besides the garrison of Sebastopol and the officers on guard, the whole being under the superintendence of Brevet-Major Nicholson, R.E. The enemy took no notice of the explosion, nor have they been firing much lately from the north side, although it is reported that on New Year's Day the French and Russian pickets were uselessly firing at each other.

THE HEALTH AND CHEERFULNESS OF THE SOLDIERS.

Jan. 6.—Sleeping in tents gives a great many men colds; these they often neglect, or are unable to attend to properly, and hence spring bad catarrhs, pneumonia, and other diseases of the same class. The cold weather has not yet lasted long enough for us to judge of its effect upon the general health of the army, but the men are so well fed and in such fine spirits, that it is to be hoped, notwithstanding canvas coverings, there will be no serious increase of disease to record.

A SUSPICIOUS GREEK.

Jan. 7.—A Greek has been for three days in confinement at headquarters, on strong suspicion of being a spy. He was sent away from Karanyi last August, and warned not to come back. He lately returned to the Crimea with a French passport, but instead of remaining in the French lines, went to Karanyi. He is to receive 25 lashes, and be sent home to his country, with due notice that if he shows himself here again, he will be hung.

AN OFFICER OF THE STAR OF THE SOUTH FLOGGED.

There has been considerable excitement during the past week among the masters and officers of transports in Balacava harbour, on account of the second officer of the *Star of the South*, a large steam transport of 1,800 tons, having been flogged by the Provost-Marshal. It appears that he was taken to the guard-house on Sunday night last by a policeman, who charged him with being drunk. He had resisted capture, and his clothes were torn and soiled in the struggle. The next morning, Captain Frayne, of the *Star of the South*, and Captain Champion, of her Majesty's steam transport *Melbourne*, went to the guard-house to intercede for him, and to request he might have a hearing, as he denied having been drunk, and said he could produce witnesses to prove his sobriety when taken up. Their efforts were, however, in vain, and he received 18 lashes; and one of the two transport captains, having been overheard by a soldier to remark to his companion that this was brutal treatment, he was threatened with the like if he did not go on board his ship.

THE ARMY WORKS CORPS.

Mr. Doyne, chief superintendent of the Army Works Corps, goes to England this week, to urge upon the Government the necessity of a different organisation of that useful establishment. It is considered desirable, both by General Codrington and Mr. Doyne, that, before another campaign opens, a greater control should be established over the corps than is

by the agreements the officers and men have signed, and which place them under the action of military law.

THE BAL DE L'OPERA.

Jan. 8.—The *bal de l'Opera*, once so celebrated, finds rivals in the Lithographed tickets, surmounted by a group of officers and in brilliant costumes and graceful attitudes, were yesterday current in the camp, price 10f. each, for a *bal paré et costumé*, to be held at the French village of Little Kamiesch, on the Woronzow road. Notwithstanding the dark night and the deep snow, and the various drains, pitfalls, and other perils scattered about the camp, the attendance both of French and English officers was very numerous. Unfortunately, the fair sex failed but a small proportion of the throng. Up to a late hour there were but two ladies present. Between *revandières* and shopkeepers, I believe that the figure of eight was at last attained, but there the influx of beauty stopped. Nevertheless, the fun was kept up till an advanced hour this morning. There was great cordiality between the French and English officers; three cheers were given for the Emperor, and as many for the Empress, and responded to by three for the Queen. The national airs of France and England were played and sung, and the consumption of an effervescent liquid, dignified by the name of "champagne," was considerable. The band of the 35th French Regiment was in attendance, and the music excellent.

PROPOSED DESTRUCTION OF SHIPS SUNK BY THE RUSSIANS.

It is understood that, as soon as practicable, steps will be taken to blow up and completely destroy the ships which were sunk by the Russians at the time of the evacuation of the south side of Sebastopol. The masts of some of the line-of-battle ships remain visible above the water, just as when the vessels were first submerged. If the opportunity were given, there seems little doubt but that some of the sunken ships could be hereafter raised by the Russians, and, at any rate, much valuable property could be recovered by them without much expenditure of labour or money. The sunken line of ships across the mouth of the harbour serves as a breakwater, and protects the vessels which were submerged further up the roadstead from a great deal of the injury to which they would otherwise be occasionally subjected, by the agitation of the waves during westerly gales.

THEATRICALS AND LECTURES.

The 4th Division amateur theatricals come off to-night, having been postponed from last Saturday. A lecture on astronomy is also to be given in the Engineer Camp, at six, by the Rev. Mr. Somerville, who is some relation of the authoress of that name. The 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, intend getting up private theatricals and a Brigade Club; the latter is to be something similar to the Guards' Club in camp—cigars and drinkables only are to be procured at it.

FURTHER DESTRUCTION OF THE DOCKS.

To-day (Jan. 8), at noon, our engineers are to blow in the right and left sides, with two piers of the centre and east docks respectively, of the English portion.

THE WAR IN ASIA.

GENERAL WILLIAMS LEAVING KARS.

ERZEROU, Dec. 11.—General Williams, accompanied by Colonel Lake, Major Teasdale, Capt. Thompson, and Mr. Churchill, the secretary interpreter, who is a voluntary prisoner, left Kars on the 30th for Tiflis and St. Petersburg. The servants have all arrived here, with the exception of an Englishman who accompanied his master.

GENERAL MOURAVIEFF'S HUMANITY.

All persons are unanimous in their appreciation of the humanity displayed by General Mouravieff, as well towards the English General and his officers as towards the Turks. All the officers have been allowed to keep their swords, have been treated most kindly, and complimented on the brave defence on the 29th of September. They received permission to remove their property, and to take with them what servants they required.

It is reported that General Mouravieff, immediately after taking possession of Kars, summoned before him the Council of Olte. The council answered that it would only yield to superior force. It is not known yet what ulterior measures will be taken.

ARRIVAL OF TROOPS AT ERZEROU.

Regular troops still continue to arrive at Erzerou from Trebizond. During the last week the arrivals amounted to more than 4,000. It is said that the Egyptian force of Eupatoria, under the command of the Menikli Ahmet Pacha, will come here in the winter. The authorities are already preparing quarters and provisions.

The regular forces at Erzerou may be reckoned at about 13,000 men, and 500 guns. The Redifs, or Militia, who arrive from Kars cannot be included in the number, owing to the weak state of their health. It will require at least four months' rest to make them fit for actual service.

GENERAL MOURAVIEFF'S MOVEMENTS.

GENERAL MOURAVIEFF, after having destroyed the advanced works of Kars, says a despatch dated Constantinople, Jan. 10, has left a force in that place, and directed his march upon Gumri with the main body of his army. There were at Trebizond 15,000 Turks and Egyptians, the greater part of whom are on their way to the succour of Erzerou. These troops endure all sorts of privations, and suffer extremely from the bad state of the roads, which are encumbered with snow.

OMAR PACHA AND SCHAMYL.

Accounts from Constantinople state that the Generalissimo (Omar Pacha) was concentrating his forces at Usurgette. An English war-steamer had received orders to proceed from Sinope to Soukum-Kaleh to bring Omar Pacha to Constantinople.

The "Invalide Russe" contains a report relative to some animated combats which took place at the commencement of September between Schamyl and the Russians upon the Upper Kuban. The famous chief of the Circassians certainly intended assisting the operations of Omar Pacha, but was prevented by the Russian General Kosloffski. Up to this moment the most complete silence has been maintained upon this event.

GENERAL WILLIAMS AND LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

THE "Times" states that the fall of Kars was attributable to personal feeling on the part of Lord de Redcliffe, and explains how. "It is the misfortune of Lord Stratford to live in a state of disension with almost every man with whom he is brought into contact. Although his age and position are sufficient to insure due respect, and those who approach him have no wish to be on other than amicable terms, yet few can hope long to escape some outbreak of his violent and groundless ill-will. He lives in an atmosphere of antipathies, and, accustomed during so many years to intercourse with Turkish officials and to the deference of Levantine society, he is impatient of any demur to what he conceives his authority. The disregard of his advice, or even the differing from his opinion, is enough to kindle a dislike which may last for years." His Lordship dislikes the General, and was indignant because he was appointed by the Foreign Office, "and not through the representations of Lord Stratford. But this dislike seems to have been not only felt, but expressed; the Ambassador is said to have, in his usual manner, proclaimed his resentment and his purposed retaliation," when General Williams constantly wrote from Kars to the Ambassador, "entreating his assistance in laying before the Porte the impending danger and the necessity of action. The fact which we shall now state is almost incredible, but we believe that it is true beyond a doubt. The Ambassador would hold no communication with General Williams. He would not answer, he would not acknowledge the receipt of a single dispatch. It is said that not less than sixty-three despatches and letters were sent by the British Commissioner, and to not one of these would the Ambassador reply. He would have nothing to do with General Williams or his affairs." At last, General Williams made a complaint to the Foreign Office, which in turn directed Lord Stratford's attention to the matter, and requested him no longer to neglect the representations of the Commissioner. Lord Stratford ungraciously obeyed, corresponded formally with General Williams, but the requests of the latter were to the last ineffectual.

AUSTRIAN DESPATCH ACCOMPANYING THE PEACE PROPOSITIONS.

THE following is the text of the despatch which Count Buol addressed to Count Valentine Esterhazy when he gave him the propositions for peace to be taken by him to St. Petersburg as the ultimatum of the Allies:—

"Vienna, Dec. 16, 1855.

"The words which your Excellency has had the honour to hear from the mouth of the Emperor himself, our august master, must have convinced you anew of the intentions which have invariably guided the policy of his Majesty in the different phases of the struggle which weighs so heavily upon Europe. Always faithful to those same principles, the Emperor would have deemed it a deficiency on his part towards his own people and towards Europe to let the present moment pass, when a superior Power bids a truce to the combatants without attempting a supreme effort to open new paths to a peace, which presents itself as the most urgent want of Europe.

"Convinced, on the one hand, of the so often reiterated declarations of the Emperor Alexander of his readiness to lend his hand to any peace that would not infringe upon his dignity or upon the honour of his country, his Imperial Majesty felt himself called upon to employ his best efforts to assure himself of the decree of reciprocity that those dispositions might meet with at the Courts of France and Great Britain. His Majesty therefore deigned to charge me to sound the Cabinets of Paris and London on the subject. Although we found them imbued with the firm resolution not to lend themselves to the initiative of any overtures for peace, nevertheless, to our great satisfaction, we found such dispositions in these Cabinets as to lead us to hope that they would not refuse to examine and accept conditions of a nature to offer all the guarantees of a permanent peace, and to come to a clear solution of the question which gave rise to the war.

"Nay, more; we think ourselves authorised to express the hope that those Powers, while maintaining in full force the right of presenting such conditions of peace as they might deem suitable, would not the less be disposed to-day not to deviate from the principle established at the commencement of the struggle, not to seek any advantage to themselves, and to limit their pretensions to the sacrifices necessary to re-assure Europe against the return of so deplorable a complication.

"Encouraged by these indications, the Imperial Cabinet did not shrink from the task of making itself conscientiously acquainted with the situation of the moment, and to formulate a basis upon which, in its opinion, the edifice of a solid peace might rest. The Four Points already accepted by Russia appeared to us still to be the best ground to go upon. To assure the work of peace, however, and to avoid especially the reefs upon which the last conferences were shipwrecked, we deemed it indispensable to develop the Four Points (principles) in such guise as to make them conformable to the general interests of Europe, and to facilitate the final arrangement by a more precise definition.

"The fruit of that labour is in the annexed document," which, when accepted by the belligerent Powers, will acquire the value of preliminaries of peace. The signing of these preliminaries would be immediately followed by a general armistice and by final negotiations.

"This labour having been honoured by the approbation of his Majesty the Emperor, you are charged, M. le Comte, to present it for acceptance to the Court of Russia, and to urge it most pressing to consider its contents, and to let us know its determination, to which we attach the highest importance, as soon as possible. If, as we hope, our propositions should be favourably received, we shall lose no time in warmly recommending their acceptance to the Courts of Paris and London, expressing the confidence which animates us that they will not exercise the right of presenting eventually to the negotiations special conditions, except in a European interest, and in such measure as not to offer serious obstacles to the re-establishment of peace.

"We entreat the Court of Russia to examine calmly the propositions which we submit to it. We will not dwell upon the grave consequences which would ensue from a refusal to enter into the paths which we open a second time to effect an honourable reconciliation, a refusal which would entail upon itself the weight of an immense responsibility. We prefer leaving it to its wisdom to estimate all the chances.

"We think that we are in this instance the interpreter of the wishes and of the real wants of Europe. It remains for us to make an appeal to the elevated sentiments of the Emperor Alexander, whose supreme determination will decide the fate of so many thousands of existences.

"His Imperial Majesty will take, we entertain the confident hope, that decision which appears to us alone of a nature to respond to the real interests of his people and to the wants of humanity.

"I am, &c.,

"COUNT BUOL."

BARON SEEBACH AND THE CZAR.

A PARIS letter in the "Indépendance Belge," contains the following:—"Although the result M. Seebach had in view in his visit to St. Petersburg is now in a good way of being realised, some details respecting this diplomatist's interview with the Emperor Alexander will not perhaps be uninteresting.

"M. Seebach was extremely intimate with the Emperor Nicholas, and the Emperor Alexander witnessed, when very young, the friendship which his father maintained with that statesman. The latter was received at the palace immediately after his arrival at St. Petersburg, which city he had not visited for many years. On seeing him, the Emperor exclaimed, 'What grave events have passed since we first saw each other;' and then threw himself into his visitor's arms. His Majesty for some time showed much emotion, and spoke of his father, his childhood, and of the calmer times when he had known M. Seebach. In speaking of his father, tears ran down his cheeks.

"But recovering himself with a dignity truly imperial, he observed, 'But we have to speak of more serious matters. Ah! you are not come hoping to weaken me?' The Emperor then expressed himself with great clearness upon the reasons which rendered the establishment of peace desirable, but also upon his duties as the Sovereign of Russia, and the difficulties and exigencies of the situation. 'My noblesse,' said he, 'are not prepared to bow the head. I do not deceive myself upon the gravity of the events in the Crimea, nor upon the possible results of an attack in the Baltic; but, believe me, whatever may be the situation, and whatever may be likely to arrive, it is much more difficult for me at this moment to make peace than to continue war. I encounter in deciding for war ten times less resistance amongst my noblesse and my people.'

A PARSEE PRAYER AGAINST THE RUSSIANS.

A SINGULAR circumstance attended the thanksgiving at Bombay, desired by the Governor General for our successes in the Crimea. On the 2nd of December, the day fixed upon, the Parsees, of their own accord, met in the Town Hall to listen to a lecture on the freedom and blessings of the British government contrasted with the tyranny and oppression of Russia, drawn up and delivered by one of their own countrymen—Dossabhooy Framjee. The lecture being concluded, the service of the day was wound up by the following prayer, remarkable as one of the first ever delivered by a layman in public, and in the ordinary conversational language of the hearers, the Parsee worship being conducted, and their sacred books being written, who lay in an unknown tongue, unintelligible to the worshippers, and very imperfectly understood by the great body of the priesthood themselves:—"O Almighty God, let Thy shadow always fall wherever the British rule exists. Grant it, O God, success in all its undertakings. Vanquish by the aid of Thy powerful hand all its enemies; and grant that its greatness may still rise, and its moral effects be spread over a still greater portion of the world. Receive our humble acknowledgments, O Lord, for having placed us under such a beneficent rule, and we pray to Thee to preserve us under it. Grant, O Heaven, that the Government over our head be actuated in ruling over us with still greater kindness, and its effects be spread still wider. O Almighty Protector, preserve for ever secure our lives and properties, as they now are—and grant that the security may be still more strengthened. Bestow, O Lord, a still more merciful heart to the Queen who reigns over us. We pray to Thee, O Almighty God, to bless her armies with success in the great war in which they are now engaged, and bring to a speedy end the great strife, by granting victory to those who have gone to shed their blood in the right cause."

DEATH BY THE ARTICLES OF WAR.—Mr. Philip James Dennehy, a second master, has recently been sentenced to death by a court-martial for being absent from deck while his ship was under fire. It seems that Mr. Dennehy had been unwell the day before, but would not place himself on the sick-list when the ship was so soon to be engaged. When the ship was engaged, he was not well enough to appear on deck, and thus laid himself open to be tried under one of the Articles of War, which decrees the punishment of death to all found guilty of "cowardice, negligence, or disaffection." It is plain that this sentence cannot be executed upon Mr. Dennehy; but what was the necessity for passing it upon him? The court-martial that tried him ought to have taken into consideration the facts of the case, and should have seen that the state of Mr. Dennehy's health was an important consideration. Courts-martial do not exist for the purpose of administering the Articles of War, but of interpreting them.

* The Propositions.

THE PEACE PROPOSALS.

As stated in the greater proportion of our last week's impression, "Russia has accepted the propositions of the Allies." Official men, it is said, attribute this to the urgency of Prussia's representations and remonstrances. A subsequent despatch, dated Vienna, Jan. 18, says that Russia, repeating her former declarations, accepts all the propositions in principle and in the details, reserving to herself to come to an understanding with the other Powers at the Conferences, on the modifications which it may be necessary to make in them.

"La Presse" of Sunday last says:—

"It is stated by the latest despatches that, on the 18th, M. de Nesselrode sent to Prince Gortschakoff, Ambassador of Russia at Vienna, a copy of the protocol signed by him and Count Esterhazy, and describing the acceptance of the Austrian propositions, as 'the bases of the preliminaries.' This must be an error. The Austrian propositions accepted by Russia must not be considered as a base of the preliminaries, but as the preliminaries themselves."

A letter from Berlin of the 18th says:—

"A Council of Ministers will be held this day, under the presidency of the King, to deliberate upon the means of assuring, in any eventuality, the participation of Prussia in the future peace conferences.

"Accounts from Vienna state that the Austrian Government is engaged in causing an armistice to be signed as speedily as possible, and that it intends sending special envoys for this purpose, to the different Courts."

A letter from Vienna states that a grand ball was being held at the Imperial Court at the time the news arrived. Soon after entering the room with the Empress, the Emperor said to the fashionable assembly, "We have received good news; Russia concedes all." At these words, the sounds of the orchestra were forgotten, and "the Emperor, going up to Baron de Bruck, complimented him in so marked a manner that everybody pressed forward to express to our Necker the sincere joy caused by a denouement which must act most fortunately for his department."

SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES BY RUSSIA.

WE believe that authentic intelligence has been received from St. Petersburg that, on the 18th inst., the Emperor despatched an order to the Russian generals in the Crimea to suspend hostilities.

This important step argues the sincerity of Russia's desire for peace—a desire which we hope may soon be gratified on complete and sufficient conditions. At the same time, it is only right to observe that the acceptance of the Austrian ultimatum does not justify us in yet suspending hostilities. We must ourselves sign preliminaries of peace before we can abstain from acts of war. It is also but fair to remark that, at the present season of the year, an order to suspend hostilities, where none can go forward, amounts to a mere formality. As such, however, it is indicative of the anxiety which no doubt exists at St. Petersburg to commit us to a pacific course.

We cannot, however, forget that all that is now peaceful in the aspect of affairs is purely owing to our past successes and our present preparations, and that, if we would be sure of peace, our wisest and safest course is to continue our active exertions until we sign with Russia the preliminaries of a treaty—a step which will, *ipso facto*, be succeeded by a cessation of hostilities.—*Post.*

WHAT MAY BE DONE AT CRONSTADT.

It is not unlikely that means might be found for bringing the gun-boats so near the fleet lying under the guns at Cronstadt that that fleet may be destroyed. Is it impossible to suppose double semi-circles of gun-boats and of mortar boats ranged round the several forts which bar the southern passage towards Cronstadt, so that whilst the guns on the one side would be useless, the guns on the other side would be overpowered by each of them being opposed to fifteen from the ships of the Allies? In order to ascertain the comparative numbers, it is only necessary to compare the diameter of the Russian fort with the diameter of the semicircle formed by the gun and mortar boats. By this *feu d'enfer* the forts in question, built as they are on piles, would be overpowered, crushed, and finally escalated. Upon their ruins the Allies would themselves erect batteries, and would thus convert the Russian means of defence into a powerful instrument of offence. Using, in short, the several forts as stepping-stones towards the fleet, the Allies would at length plant their guns within reach of it, and might, as it seems to us, succeed in burning to the water's edge those huge men-of-war, whose only safety consists in the impossibility of approaching them.

MORE GOLD.—An extraordinary mine of gold, yielding five to seven ounces to the ton, has been discovered on the Isthmus of Panama, and is easily accessible from the sea. The gold is found in four immense veins of quartz. The mine is known as the Belen Mine, and is situated about 70 miles west of the mouth of the Chagres River.

MAJOR-GENERAL DUPUIS, C.B.

AMONG the officers who have faithfully done their duty to their sovereign and their country in the Crimean war, and who, on the 15th ult., sailed in the *Ripon* from the harbour of Balaklava for the shores of England, was the subject of the accompanying portrait, Major-Gen. Dupuis, an officer of our artillery force. It was with much regret—so goes the story—that General Dupuis found himself obliged to relinquish the command of the Royal Horse Artillery, on account of his promotion, which will effectually shelve an excellent officer. The artillery is a service of strict seniority, and Major-General Dupuis was forced to resign his command because he had been made a Major-General for "distinguished services in the field."

John Edward Dupuis—as we learn from "Hart's Army List"—entered the Royal Artillery—a force, by-the-by, which comprises no fewer than 20,000 soldiers—as an Ensign, in the year 1825, and, in November, 1827, became lieutenant. While holding the latter rank, he, in conjunction with the Spanish army, served in 1836, and during the two following years, against the Carlists, in the north coast of Spain, and took part in all their chief operations, including the field actions of the 10th, 14th, and 16th of March, and, moreover, did his duty, and something more, as Englishmen generally do, in the action of Hernani, which was fought on the 14th of May, 1837, and besides in various other affairs of minor consequence.

When the present eventful war was declared against Russia, this experienced and distinguished officer was sent to the Crimea, and took part in the Eastern campaign of 1854-5, including the siege of Sebastopol, and the memorable battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann.

The *Ripon*, in which General Dupuis was a passenger, arrived last week, after a tempestuous passage, at Southampton.

THE ROYAL ALBERT ASHORE ON THE ISLAND OF ZEA.

(From a Correspondent.)

Royal Albert, Zea Harbour, Jan. 2, 1856.

I HAVE great pleasure in forwarding the accompanying sketch of the *Royal Albert* ashore in Port St. Nicholas, Island of Zea, and I will endeavour to give you some idea of the critical position in which this splendid ship was placed by the wearing away of one of the glands of the shaft by the stuffing-box in the after part of the shaft.

We left the Golden Horn, Constantinople, in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 26th of December, and made sail, going easy with engines, at the rate of about seven knots the hour on the average. The weather was fine, with a light breeze from the northward. At daylight on the 27th, we were off Gallipoli, steaming down the Dardanelles. We made all plain sail, going at that time about eight knots. We passed outside the island of Tenedos, when we hove-to for a few minutes, the shaft having been bumping much, and having shaken the ship a good deal. On going on again the breeze freshened, when we set starboard studding-sails. At 9.10 p.m., engineers reported that the gland in the stuffing-box at the after part of the shaft was wearing away the bearings, and that the water was rushing in. The engines commenced pumping the ship out, but as we went ahead, of course the leak increased considerably, and the water rushed in at the rate of more than a ton a minute. During the night the leak still further increased, and the ship made more water till 2.50 a.m., of the 28th, when all hands were called "to save ship." We were now fortunately in the Archipelago; going ten knots and a half, with top-sails and top-gallant sails set, and jib and foresail, with a fine breeze right aft. The pumps were immediately manned and worked, together with the engines; still the water was gaining, being, at this time, 29 inches in the well.



MAJOR-GENERAL DUPUIS, LATE COMMANDER OF THE HORSE ARTILLERY IN THE CRIMEA.

We thereupon shortened sail, and bore up for the nearest island, which happened to be Zea, and made a night signal of distress. Although the hands were kept at the pumps, the leak still gained rapidly on us; the ship making water at the rate of about 24 tons a minute! Our pumps, when in good order, could only pump out one ton per minute. It is therefore

clear, that had anything happened to the engines at this moment, the ship must have gone down, and most of us would have perished. We now transported all the after guns on each deck forward, to bring the ship down by the head and raise her stern. We altered our course, and bore up for the island of Zea, at the same time taking down top-gallant masts and yards.

ful. We tried the dam again, having lined it with lead and fearnought, and found it answer completely. We set the main topsail and mainsail, and hove-in on the small bower cable, and the ship came off beautifully, without any trouble. We then received our guns from the *Sphinx*, and prepared for sea, and it is rumoured that we sail to-night for Malta.

At daylight we observed two sail to windward, when we hoisted signal for immediate assistance, and fired minute-guns. Afterwards observed a steamer to windward, and bore up for her. She proved to be the French screw steam transport *La France*. She passed, however, to leeward of us, and took no notice of our signals. We thereupon hoisted a French ensign, and fired guns at her to make her heave-to, which at last she did, hoisting English colours at the main, and firing a gun; but as we bore down to speak her, she went ahead, and would not stop again. In this strait, we were obliged to run for the harbour of Port St. Nicholas, where we ran the ship ashore. The leak had in the meantime increased to an alarming extent, and the water was within two inches of the fires, all hands continuing at the pumps. We ran ashore in the north-east corner of the bay or port, on a fine muddy bottom. Indeed, we scarcely knew when we were actually ashore, the ship went on so easily. We had 7 feet under the bows, 28 in the main chains, and 7½ fathoms under the stern. We hosed the topmasts and fired minute-guns during the afternoon, and at last attracted the attention of a steamer which happened to be passing at the time. We sent a boat to bring the steamer in, and the steamer (which proved to be the *Peninsular*), made the ship fast astern, and at sunset the captain ordered her to go to Athens, and inform the senior naval officer there that we were in distress. Our engines were now going ahead, performing about fifty revolutions, working the pumps, and keeping the water under. The launch and pinnace were sent ashore, with lawers, &c., for heeling the ship over.

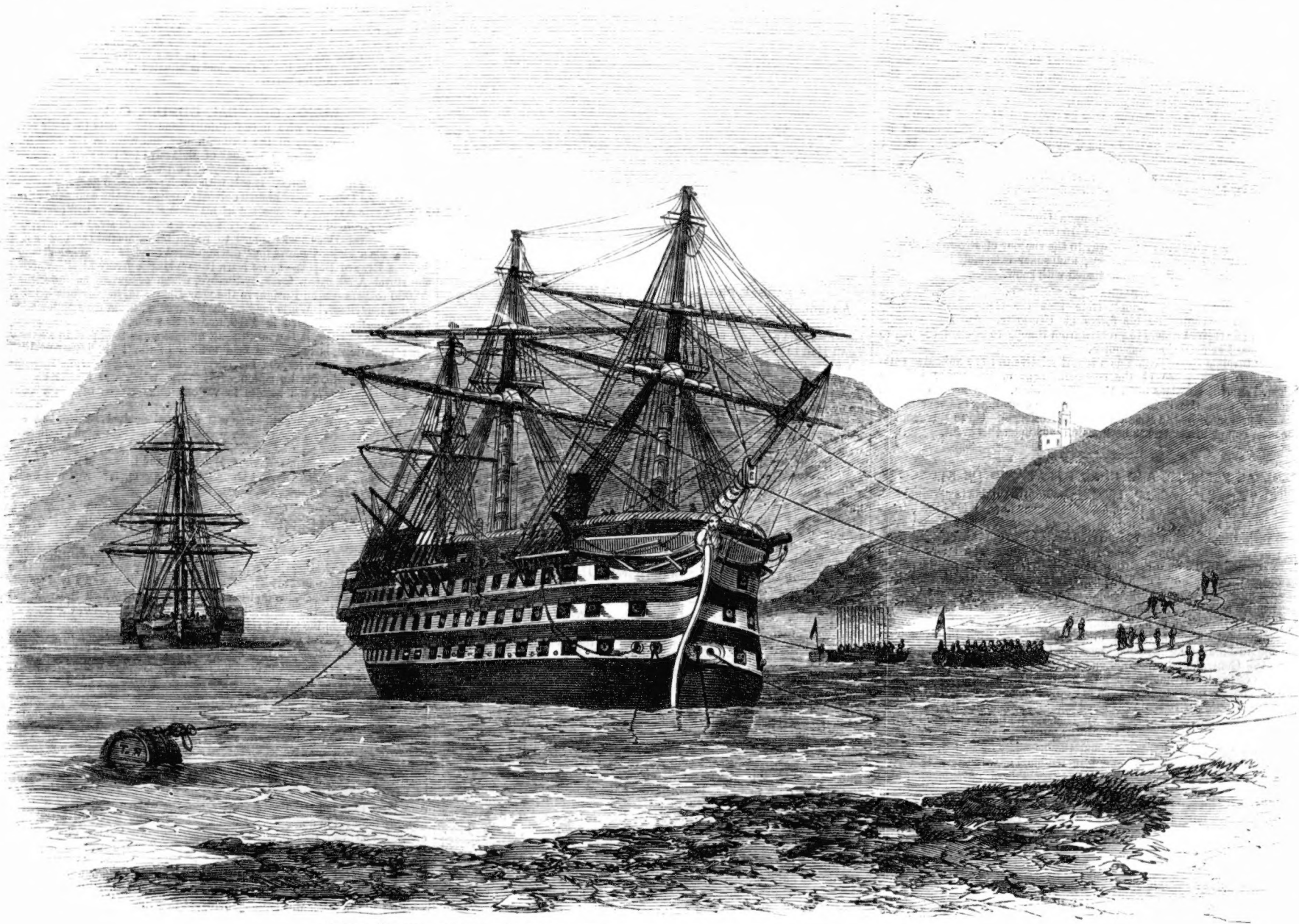
Dec. 29.—Fine morning: the ship was still ashore, the engines pumping as before, and carpenters and engineers were engaged in trying to stop the leak. The *Sphinx* arrived from Athens. On coming alongside of us, we hoisted into her ten of our upper deck guns. The *Princess Royal* and *Swallow* also arrived from Athens. The engines were kept at work all day.

Dec. 30, Sunday.—Divine service was performed. The engines were employed keeping the ship clean.

Dec. 31.—The morning was fine. We hoisted up the topmasts, and prepared for heaving the ship off. The engineers and carpenters tried a new plan to stop the leak, by building a water tight compartment across the screw alley, but it did not answer; in fact, it failed completely.

Jan. 1, 1856.—The ship was still ashore. The engineers and carpenters were engaged repairing the dam across the screw alley. The engineers were occupied in pumping the ship the whole of the day.

Jan. 2.—The morning was extremely beautiful. We tried the dam again, having lined it with lead and fearnought, and found it answer completely. We set the main topsail and mainsail, and hove-in on the small bower cable, and the ship came off beautifully, without any trouble. We then received our guns from the *Sphinx*, and prepared for sea, and it is rumoured that we sail to-night for Malta.



H.M.S.S. "ROYAL ALBERT" AGROUND OFF THE ISLAND OF ZEA.—(SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER ON BOARD.)

GRAVES IN THE CRIMEA.

THE simple monuments represented in the accompanying engraving mark the spot where, far from their home and kindred, rest the mortal remains of Rear-Admiral Boxer, his nephew, Mr. Sidney Boxer, and Mr. Stowe.

Old Boxer, as our readers no doubt remember, after having served in the navy for some fifty-seven years, and always fought heartily and well when he had a chance, was appointed Admiral-Superintendent of the harbour at Balaklava, and, in that capacity, became familiar, by name at least, to the people of this country. On the 1st of June, last year, a nephew, bearing his name and attached to his person, died of cholera on board ship; and the brave old Admiral was so much affected and so much depressed by the circumstance, that he himself sunk under an attack of that terrible disease, and, three days after his young kinsman's death, breathed his last on board the *Jason*.

Hard by the graves of the Boxers, is that of Mr. Stowe, who for a brief period enacted the part of "Times" Commissioner in the Crimea. Mr. Stowe—a first-class man at Oxford, and a Fellow of Oriel College—was first sent out by the Proprietors of the "Times" to preside over the administration of the Fund for the sick and wounded. After remaining some months at Scutari, he went to Balaklava, and finding on his arrival that Mr. Russell had left with the expedition to Kertch, he undertook the duty of recording, for the instruction of the British public, the scenes that were occurring at the seat of war. His intellectual and descriptive powers eminently qualified him for the post; and he chronicled, with conspicuous ability, the occurrence which rendered the 7th of June a remarkable day in Crimean warfare. It appears, however, that he over-exerted himself on the memorable occasion; and the mental fatigue, together with exposure to the sun, the roughness of campaign life, the want of wonted comforts, and other inconveniences, told so severely on a frame not remarkable for physical strength, that he fell under the influence of the Crimean fever.

When helpless and agonised, Mr. Stowe requested to be admitted into the Hospital of the marines, but his application was refused; and he was then carried to the Church at Balaklava. There he received every attention, and, at first, appeared to rally; but the result was a speedy death.

The graves of Admiral Boxer and of his nephew will be readily distinguished. That of Mr. Stowe is the mound, unmarked by any head-stone, on the extreme right of the sketch.



THE GRAVES OF ADMIRAL BOXER, OF HIS NEPHEW, CAPTAIN BOXER, AND OF MR. STOWE, THE "TIMES" COMMISSIONER.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

NO. I.—A NIGHT WITH THE HIGHLANDERS IN THE TRENCHES.

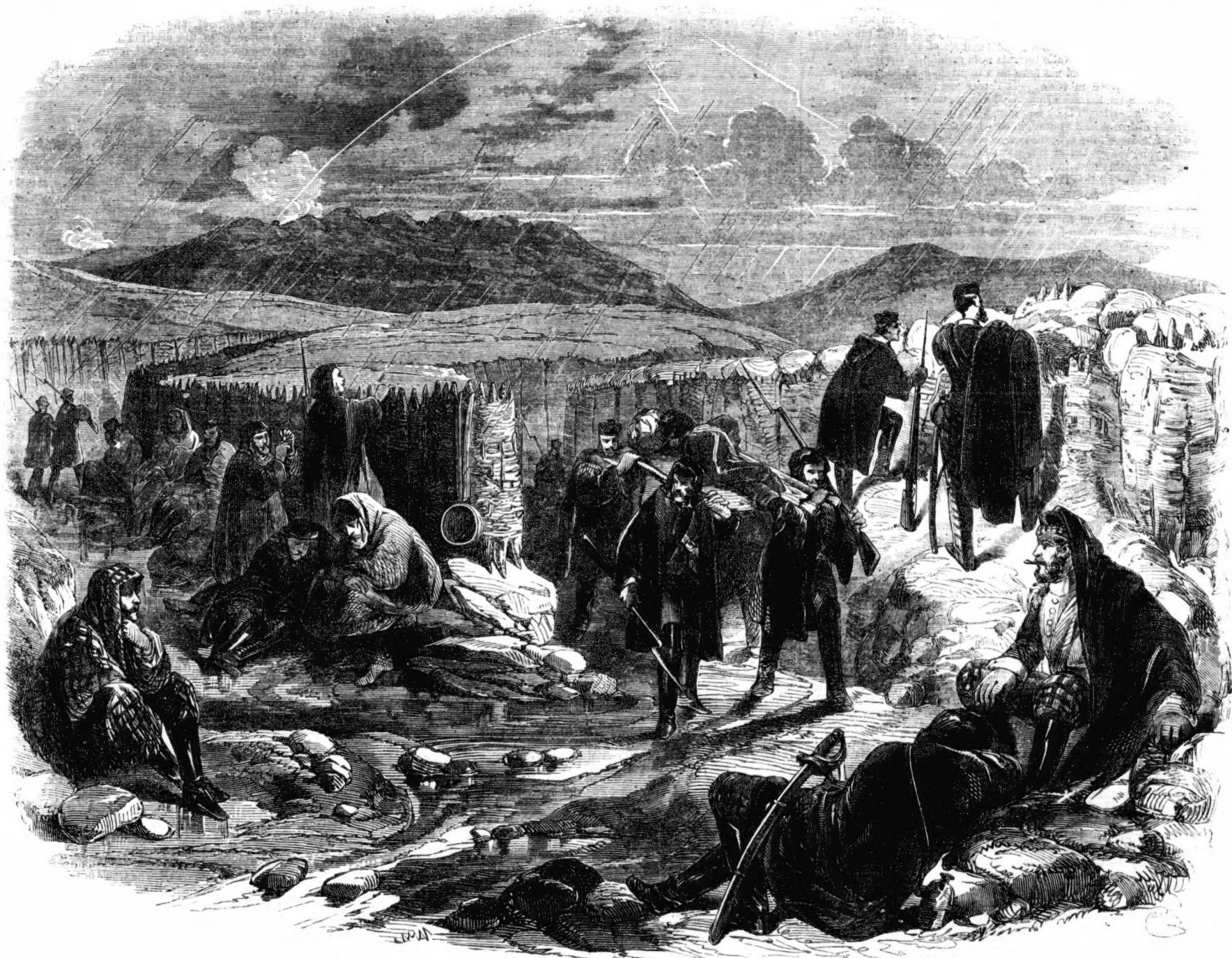
(Described by our Artist.)

THE other afternoon I mounted my horse—a fiery little rascal, who pitches me off like a cricket-ball, and tears along the ground, making the distance between Balaklava and the front but an hour's work—and rode over to headquarters for a pass to the trenches. The Adjutant-General dated it for two days, to enable me to spend a night in these not very agreeable open-air domiciles. I found the Russians firing away as usual, and, perhaps, a something extra; so that my gallop across the plain to the 21-gun battery, was anything but enviable. On arriving at the battery, I gave my horse over to the care of the sailors, who quite know me by this time. Here I met Colonel Pakenham, and while talking to him, a shell came from the enemy, and burst right on the next embrasure to where we were standing; a piece struck a gun-car-

riage planted in the embrasure, turned it right over, and broke it to pieces. I never saw such a smash. A gun burst about half-an-hour after, while the gunners were standing round it. Fortunately, it only killed one man, though several were wounded; a matter for wonderment, when you knew the magnitude of the accident. The explosion was terrible; a shower of jagged iron splinters was sent in all directions, and one sailor, who was standing at the further end of the battery, says, that on hearing the extra

noise he was running out to see what it was, when he was struck by a great whizzing noise in the air above him, and looking up he saw a huge mass twirling through the air towards him, but luckily he avoided it, and an immense piece of the cannon dashed down within a few yards of his feet. I saw the piece lying there—it fell, terribly rent and torn, and, I think, but a sorry remnant of poor Jack would have been left if he had been hit.

Some of the escapes are wonderful. On the night of my visit, a sailor



THE HIGHLANDERS IN THE TRENCHES.—(SKETCHED BY JULIAN PORTMAN.)

had a round shot glide down his back, while he was crouched down in a stooping position to avoid it. It struck the back of his head, and raised an enormous bump. The officer in command told me of the affair, and said that Jack didn't seem to mind these things, so long as they didn't entirely double him up. I myself saw one meet with a blow from a piece of stone under very peculiar and laughable circumstances, which I won't relate, but which sent the tar running toward the shelter of the battery in a state of *deshabille* far from becoming. Another was knocked down by a piece of stone; and, on everybody running towards him, expecting to find him dead, he struggled to his feet unaided, and said, with a smiling countenance, that it was nothing—he was only a little "winded." However, they examined him, and sure enough there was a great livid bruise, resulting from a blow sufficient to knock the wind out of a walrus; but it did not seem to affect him particularly. Ladies have sometimes visited these batteries, and one had paid the 21-gun a visit only the morning before. She was the wife of the Captain of a vessel lying at Balacava, and, according to the sailors' account, was remarkably plucky, standing outside the batteries, and indulging in other little matters, such as became a fast young lady, as she evidently was. The nauticals, however, had a good laugh at her during one part of the visit. At 12 o'clock, there was the usual cry of "Grog, ho!" which being an important thing in the day's proceedings, Jack makes a tolerable noise about it. Immediately on this cry being given, the young lady took to her heels, and crouched down, crying out, "Which way is it coming!" in the greatest alarm. She did not know from which quarter to expect the terrible missile. She was soon undeceived, with some laughter at her expense.

I now went off towards the advanced trench; and evening coming on, made myself comfortable for the night. I had my "capuchin"—a long coat with a hood to draw over my head, my waterproof and my brandy flask, with something in it, besides a good stock of tobacco, &c.; so I was pretty well fortified. When I started from Balacava it was such a bright sunny day, that I did not put on my jack-boots; but if I had known what I had to encounter, I certainly should have done so. In default of these, I contented myself—knowing what a mess the trenches were in—with drawing my Wellingtons over my trousers: a very fashionable mode of wearing boots in the camp.

Strange to say, the regiment in the advanced trench was the 71st Highlanders, the one I had stopped with at Kertch, so that I knew most of the officers. There was another regiment on duty here, and one extreme of the line met the other, just at the point of the trenches represented in my sketch. I took up my position here, as there was an angle to run to, where one might be safe from the effects of the explosion, let the shell fall where it would. At length night came on, and up to this time the day had been sunny and hot in the extreme, but just after the moon rose, faint flashes of sheet-lightning quivered along the horizon of the Black Sea, and dark clouds rose to the windward; then we knew we were in for a night of it. The soldiers began to dispose of themselves as well as circumstances would permit, and pulled on waterproof leggings reaching up to the thigh, and put on waterproof coats with hoods—altogether a capital shelter from the weather. The field officer told me this was only the first night these garments had been worn. They were quite new out here. The officers had not got a supply, but were wrapped up in cloaks and plaids of their own. The men looked very strange figures, more like a lot of monks walking about in the moonlight, than Highland soldiers. Sentries were posted at every fifty yards, whose duty it was to watch the piece of ground between us and the Redan, which was only about 300 yards distant, and to give alarm should a party of Russians make a sortie from there or elsewhere. In due course, I had the pleasure of experiencing what a stormy night in the trenches was like; for the clouds came over, covering the moon, and leaving us in comparative darkness. The rain poured down a deluge, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, its loud reverberations being every now and then increased by the thunder of the guns. In a few minutes every spot of dry ground was completely soaked; and all along the pathway of the trench—deep in water and slippery mud—little torrents were rushing to the lower ground. This state of things would not have been so utterly deplorable if one could have crunched down in some quiet corner and have gone to sleep; but every few minutes the sentry on the look-out, would drop from his elevated position, crying, "Look out, lads, here's one for us." Immediately, all eyes would be turned upward, in search of the direction of the shell or shot; for, although the distance is so short, there is still time sufficient to discover this, and get out of the way; as, in consequence of the enemy being so close, they have to elevate their guns and mortars and throw the missile up in the air that it may fall into the trench. Immediately the direction is ascertained, there is a rush from all quarters to a place of shelter; and when no harm results, one can afford to laugh at the scrimmage. Every one doubles himself up to get out of the way of splinters, and rushes head foremost. In one of these affairs I was rushing along after the approved style, when I butted violently against a very hard headed soldier coming rapidly in an opposite direction, and cut my lip against his thick cranium. So that I received one wound in the trenches that night. I must say, that there are ample reasons for running, for you see the shell coming towards you, in a slight curve, high up in the air, turning over and over, and showing its blazing fuzee at every revolution. Then it suddenly drops, and bursts instantly on falling to the ground, scorching the very air for some distance around. I have felt it quite burning hot on my cheek, in some of the nearer explosions. The casualties were, I am happy to say, very few on this particular evening. A poor sergeant, however, received a wound in the face with a shell splinter, and was brought down on a stretcher (as shown in the sketch); and another poor fellow lost his arm and part of his chest by the same means. On a hill, facing the end of the extreme left of this trench, the Russians have a fort called "Black Fort," where they have planted a gun, which does dreadful havoc, as it can sweep the whole length of the trench. The night before they sent a shell which killed three men and severely wounded five others.

As the night advanced, it grew very cold, so I said to the officer I was sitting next to that I should take a little exercise. Away I slid, and stumbled through the line of poor fellows lying asleep or smoking under their hoods, for about half an hour, when, on passing a group, I heard one say, "Who's he?" This was followed by some loud conversation, and presently a soldier came running after me to know who I was. "Was I an officer?" "No!" "Then, of course, I must be a 'Rooshun,'" so I must come back with them to their officer. It was of no use to show them the pass; so off I was marched "prisoner of war," the men squabbling among themselves as to whose prisoner I was, and flashing their half-a-dozen bayonets very disagreeably around me. I was taken to the very group of officers I had been sitting with all night. They laughed heartily to see "our own artist" brought back in this style, and told the soldiers it was all right, and quite correct to look sharp. During the evening some further excitement was created by the sentries on the look-out running to the field-officers every now and then, saying in a whisper that they thought they saw some figures moving down in the hollow, as if coming towards the trenches. It was intensely dark; and, as the officer said, just the kind of night the rascals chose to make their sorties. In the early part of the evening he had sent an officer with a detachment of men down the trench (to the left of my sketch), to be in readiness in case of a surprise, and to hurry up on the moment if the sentry had occasion to fire his musket. When the sentries came with these reports, the officer would go and look over the breastwork of gabions and sandbags, waiting for a flash of lightning to show up the ground, when the body of Russians would be found to be a waving furze bush. Sometimes they would come to the officer on tip-toe, half-a-dozen of them, vowing they heard talking on the other side of the trench. Then there would be a holding of the breath, until this was proved to be a false alarm. Still, all this was excitement for the time, and helped to vary the monotony of the evening's entertainment.

THE WORCESTERSHIRE BEACON.—A correspondent of the "Times"—"A Swiss"—suggests that the employment of coal, owing to the dense smoke which it caused, interfered materially with the success of the Worcestershire Beacon. "A Subscriber" has written to us stating that it was seen to great advantage at Gloucester. This is contrary to other testimony which we have seen. One poor man, at the request of his Worcestershire friends, was tempted to make the ascent of Snowden, at the peril of his life, but not a glimmer of the beacon gladdened his eyes to repay him for the risk and fatigue he underwent.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

CURIOUS GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—The excavation of the new Dock at West Hartlepool, which is approaching rapidly towards completion, has in its progress revealed several facts of great geological interest. Beneath the mud, sand, and silt of the "pool" or lake—which has extended considerably beyond its present boundary—there exist the remains of an ancient forest, with its timber, trees, and other plants, as they grew and decayed on the spot—forming an accumulation of vegetable matter of considerable thickness. In this, besides the hazel nuts in great number and perfection, the workmen have found the antlers and harder portions of the stag—the hart of the olden time; portions of the skull of an ox have also been discovered. The level of the forest is now nearly that of low water, consequently below the present sea drainage. Beneath the forest and the blue clay (the earth in which the trees grew) there is a thick bed of clay—sand, silt, and gravel—having numerous imbedded boulders of water-worn stones, many of them of several tons weight. The whole bed is the well-known "alluvium," "diluvium," or "drift" spread over the country, beneath the soil and above the stone. In cutting the timber pond at the north-west angle of the new dock, which is entirely in this "drift," a portion of the tusk of an elephant was discovered some days ago. The fragment, which is about 18 inches long, is of that end which had been embedded in the jaw, and exhibits all the ordinary characteristics of such a specimen. This is said to be the first instance of the remains of elephants being found in the county of Durham.

DURING THE RECENT FROST, a game of cricket came off on the field known as Aston's Eye, Long Meadows, Oxford. The match was very evenly contested, and the falls were not so numerous as might have been anticipated.

THE NEW PUBLIC HALL AT MANCHESTER progresses. The design is almost finished. It has two arcades, and is surmounted by a frieze, decorated with festoons and circular panels, and by a cornice surmounted with a balustrade.

FEMALE PENITENTIARY IN DORSETSHIRE.—A most influential meeting was held on Tuesday, the 15th ult., at Blandford, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair, supported by the Marquis of Westminster and Lord Portman, and many laymen and clergymen of the county, for the purpose of establishing a "Dorset Female Penitentiary." Some months ago steps were taken to have a reformatory school at Milborne, St. Andrew's, in Dorsetshire, which will be open in a few months.

INFORMATION AGAINST MESSRS. JOHN BRIGHT AND BROTHERS.—On Friday, last week, at the Rochdale Petty Sessions, a case was heard arising out of two informations laid by Mr. C. Patrick, factory sub-inspector for the district, against Messrs. John Bright and Brothers of Rochdale. The first information charged the defendants with having had in their mill, at Wardleworth, on the 12th of November, a horizontal shaft, in motion, and driving a scutcher, which shaft they had "wilfully neglected securely to fence," whereby they had incurred a penalty of not less than £5 nor more than £10. The second information contained, in addition to the allegation of the first, the statement that, in consequence of the neglect, Thomas Schofield had sustained serious bodily injury; whereby the defendants had incurred a penalty of not less than £10 nor more than £100. Various witnesses were examined, after which the Chairman said, "The bench unanimously decide to dismiss the case."

ST. FAGAN'S CHURCH, ABERDARE, has been destroyed by fire. A woman engaged in cleaning the church had made a fire in the stove, for the purpose of heating some water. She used for the fire a quantity of holly, with which the church had been decorated at Christmas. This fuel being very dry, sent a flame through the piping, which was cut off short at the roof, probably because such an appendage was considered unsightly. This roof was of wood, with a layer of felt between it and the slates. This felt probably became first ignited.

A FEARFUL FALL.—Just before the Alura arrived at Southampton, one of the seamen fell from the top-gallant mast on the deck—a height of 150 feet. Singular to say, he broke no bones, and is doing well. He must have caught hold of something while falling, which broke his fall, for his hands are cut dreadfully.

MANCHESTER has emphatically pronounced in favour of the proposal to raise a "Nightingale Fund." At a meeting in the Town Hall, last week, very fully attended, and numbering among its speakers Mr. Sidney Herbert, Lord Stanley, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. Mark Phillips, Mr. Bazley, and Mr. Entwistle, the projected establishment for nurses under the control of Miss Nightingale, was received with a general concurrence, and a considerable amount was subscribed on the spot.

THE LICHFIELD BANK.—It has been discovered that a clerk, who was for more than thirty years in this bank, is a defaulter to the amount of £7,500. His name is Lawton, and it appears that he was in the habit of re-issuing notes which had been considered cancelled, for the purpose of enabling a lady to prosecute a Chancery suit. Lawton has been taken into custody last week, and examined before the magistrates at Lichfield. He had a salary of £400 per annum; and was, it is stated, an unmarried man. He himself supplied the information, in consequence of which he has been taken into custody.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGE at Prior Park, near Bath, is described as having "broken down." Prior Park was the residence of Ralph Allen, "the man of Bath," the "Squire Allworthy" of "Tom Jones." It was there that Fielding wrote his great work. Warburton, Pope, and other men of eminence in the world of letters, were frequent visitors at the Park in the days of Allen. A wooded alley near the house is still called "Pope's Walk." About twenty years ago the Roman Catholics purchased Prior Park, and it was the residence of Bishop Baines, well known for his ingenious but fruitless schemes for proselytising the good people of Bath. It was an educational institute as well as an episcopal residence. The college has long been in difficulties, and the accumulated debt has led to the breaking up of the establishment.

A MAN ROLLED TO DEATH.—A fearful accident occurred at Aberdare, in Glamorganshire, last week, resulting in the instantaneous death of a young man named Robert Thomas, employed at the Gadyrs Ironworks. He was engaged in the forge; and the rollers which are used in the making of bar iron had been changed for a fresh set, when the deceased, for the purpose of adjusting a portion of the machinery, stepped too near, and his garments being caught by it, he was dragged between the rollers and whirled round and round through a space of but a few inches in diameter. Before the machinery could be stopped he had been carried round at least 20 times, and his remains were so fearfully mangled as to be almost unrecognisable. He uttered but one exclamation as he was drawn in, and the next instant he was dead.

SKATING VERSUS RUNNING.—A match against time came off last week on the Duchess's Pond, Stapleton, over a distance of 300 yards, determined by two flags, placed 100 yards apart, the skater and runner to pass round the flags twice. The skater accomplished his task on the ice in a graceful and masterly style, in 42 seconds; the runner on the land taking 49 seconds; thus losing by 7 seconds.

MURDER IN LIVERPOOL.—Sally Drummond was murdered by Johnny Williams, alias Fak, on Monday last, in Prince's Street, Liverpool. It appears that the unfortunate woman at one time lived with Williams, but has latterly been cohabiting with another person. On Sunday night Drummond and Williams were drinking together, and on Monday morning a quarrel ensued. After some altercation, Williams threatened to cut her throat, and Drummond having dared him to do so, he seized her by the hair and drew the blade of a clasp knife across her throat, from the effects of which she shortly after expired. Williams, upon being arrested, made a desperate attempt upon his life, and owing to his violence had to be put in irons in Bridewell.

BRUTAL MURDER OF A WIFE AT BATH.—Late on Saturday night last, a James Howell murdered his wife by kicking her. It appears that the prisoner and his wife had been drinking together in the course of the evening, and had quarrelled at a public-house.

BRIDPORT.—The Episcopal Chapel of the new cemetery for Bridport has just received the addition of four stained and painted glass windows, by Messrs. Baillie and Co., of Cumberland Market. Three of the windows are inserted in the chancel, and are made to represent the Resurrection of Christ, the Raising of Lazarus, and of the Widow's Son at Nain. The arrangement and execution of these designs have been most judiciously effected, and the colouring, it is said, cannot be surpassed.

SINKING OF A RAILWAY.—A few days since, about thirty yards of the Dundalk and Enniskillen line near Castleblany, sank, and, in a manner, disappeared. The substratum wanted solidity. People travelling by the line have to walk 70 yards, and then resume their places in other carriages.

THE MURDER OF MISS HINDS.—Of the persons lodged in Cavan gaol, Thomas Dunne, a person who lived respectably as a farmer, is charged with having paid £4 to the assassin, and James Murphy, a county Leitrim man, is charged with having fired the two pistol shots which terminated the life of the unfortunate lady. The prisoners are kept in solitary confinement; the Catholic Chaplain has been denied access to them, and they were prevented from attending mass on Sunday, a matter which has been reported to the Government.

THE EASTERN COUNTIES DISPUTE.—The Committee of Investigation of the Eastern Counties Railway have issued their statement with regard to Mr. Waddington's answer to their original report. After reviewing each of Mr. Waddington's pleas, the committee re-assert the validity of all the charges made in their report, and conclude by contending that the following have been fully proved: namely, that the dividends declared half-yearly have been from untrue accounts; that the permanent way has been neglected so as to cause great loss and scandal to the company; that £200,000 has been illegally lent to the Eastern Union Company; that an attempt was made improperly to cancel a balance of £31,341 due from the Norfolk Company; that £38,264, laid out chiefly on the Norfolk line, has been charged to the Eastern Counties; that no audit has ever taken place of the stores or locomotive department; that the stores account has never been balanced since 1851; and, finally, that there has been a loss on this account of nearly £50,000, which has never appeared in the books.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

MAJOR SIBTHORP has been returned for Lincoln without opposition.

MR. CHARLES DU CANE, of Braxted Park, has issued an address to the electors of North Essex, offering himself as a candidate in the Conservative interest, on the retirement of Sir John Tyrrell.

It is expected that Lord Raynham, son of the late member for Tamworth, will be elected for that borough without opposition.

THE RIGHT HON. SPENCER H. WALPOLE, M.P. for Midhurst, and Home Secretary in Lord Derby's Ministry, and the Hon. George Deane, M.A., fellow and present auditor of Trinity College, have both issued addresses announcing themselves as candidates for the representation of the University of Cambridge.

THE ELECTION to supply the vacancy at Leeds caused by Mr. Baines's acceptance of the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, will, it is thought, take place on Wednesday, the 6th of February. No opposition to the late member's re-election is anticipated.

MR. WARREN, Q.C., and Recorder of Hull, the well-known author of the "Duty of a Late Physician," has signified his intention of becoming a candidate for Midhurst, in the event of Mr. Walpole's retirement.

RETIREMENT OF MR. MACAULAY FROM PARLIAMENT.

The following farewell address of Mr. Macaulay was published to his constituents in Edinburgh on Tuesday morning:—

"TO THE ELECTORS OF EDINBURGH."

"Gentlemen.—Very soon after you had done me the high honour of choosing me, without any solicitation on my part, to represent you in the present Parliament, I began to entertain apprehensions that the state of my health would make it impossible for me to repay your kindness by efficient service. During some time I flattered myself with the hope that I might be able to present a few important divisions, and occasionally to take a part in important debates. But the experience of the last two years has convinced me that I cannot reasonably expect to be ever again capable of performing, even in an imperfect manner, those duties which the public has a right to expect from every member of the House of Commons.

"You meanwhile have borne with me in a manner which entitles you to my warmest gratitude. Had even a small number of my constituents hinted to me a wish that I would vacate my seat, I should have thought it my duty to comply with that wish. But from not one single elector have I ever received a line of reproach or complaint. If I were disposed to abuse your generosity and delicacy, I might perhaps continue to bear the honourable title of Member for Edinburgh till the dissolution of the Parliament; but I feel that by trespassing longer on your indulgence I should prove myself unworthy of it. I have therefore determined to dissolve our connection, and to put it in your power to choose a better servant than I have been.

"I have applied to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and I have every reason to believe that the new writ will issue on the first day of the approaching session. This notice will, I trust, be long enough to enable you to make a thoroughly satisfactory choice.

"And now, my friends, with sincere thanks for all your kindness, and with fervent wishes for the peace, honour, and prosperity of your noble city, I for the last time bid you farewell.

"London, Jan. 19."

"T. B. MACAULAY."

STRAHAN, PAUL, AND BATES AGAIN.

In the Bankruptcy Court, on Friday of last week, application was made on behalf of the Rev. Henry Snow, brother to Mr. Strahan, praying that he, Mr. Snow, be entitled, as trustee, to 500 Sambre and Meuse iron shares, held by Mr. Strahan at the time of the bankruptcy, as co-trustee, and deposited in the bank in a wrapper labelled with the names of the trustees. The question now was whether the Rev. Mr. Snow, or the assignees, were entitled to said shares.

William Strahan, who was brought up from prison, deposed that he and his brother, the Rev. Mr. Henry Snow, were executors and trustees under his mother's will. She bequeathed £10,295, in three per cent. consols, in trust, for said Henry Snow, for himself, and Mr. Robert Snow. In March, 1847, the consols were sold out, and the proceeds were lent to Strahan, Paul, and Bates, previously to the death of Sir John Paul, which took place in 1851. This was done to get 4 per cent. interest, instead of the interest of the consols. Two policies on the life of the late Sir J. Paul were given as security. On his death, the bank received the proceeds of the two policies, and he (William Strahan) gave other securities in their stead. There were regular entries of these transactions in the books, but not of the receipt of the proceeds of the policies. His brother Henry must have signed the authority to sell the stock, but he took no part in the subsequent transactions. In April, 1855, he (William Strahan) made an entry in the stock-book of "500 Sambre and Meuse iron shares given in exchange for the policies." At that time, the shares were in the bank, wrapped up in paper. At the same time, he wrote on the wrapper, "Henry Snow, trustee," and added 100 shares to the 400 already in the wrapper. This must have been done either then or shortly before, as he had not the shares very long. About the 2nd or 3rd of April, having taken fright at the state of the bank, he went out and bought a note of hand, and dated it back from the previous September, and deposited it with the shares. The shares at that time were of more value than they were now. He might have made use of them for the bank at any time, but he considered them as sacred. He had previously put by some Charleroi and Echiline shares, but there was no entry in the books to show the appropriation of those shares. The entry referred to is the only one showing the appropriation of the Sambre and Meuse shares. He exchanged the Charleroi shares for the Sambre and Meuse shares, but no money passed. He would not have raised money upon them. He exchanged with Mr. Arnold, who was a director of both companies. The exchange must have been made two years ago. The 1st of September, 1854, the date of the note of hand, had no connection whatever with the date of these transactions. That date was merely put to conceal the real date of the transaction. It was on the 1st of January, 1854, that he exchanged the Charleroi for the Sambre shares. The stock, before it was sold out, stood in the name of William Strahan, and Henry Snow, his brother, joined with him in the authority to sell. The proceeds were lent to the bank immediately, and an account was opened in their books as an ordinary banking acc. unt. He, at the time, told his brother that there was security, and he had supposed it to be so ever since. The proceeds of the policies on Sir J. Paul's life paid off part of Sir J. Paul's debt to the bank. He (William Strahan) immediately substituted the Charleroi shares as security, but he did not mention this to his brother, nor the exchange of the Charleroi for the Sambre and Meuse shares. There was a second return from the Rev. Henry Snow respecting five hundred Namur Railway shares, which Mr. Strahan had appropriated as security for £3,000 Bank annuities, bequeathed by the late Mr. Robert Snow, of Chesterfield Street, Pimlico, brother of petitioner and Mr. Strahan, in trust for M. V. Rogers Snow, the testator's son, who came of age in February last.

After hearing the arguments, Mr. Commissioner Evans reserved his judgment.

DESTRUCTION OF MESSRS. HOPKINSON'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY.—The most extensive fire that has occurred in the metropolis for nearly twelve months, was that which recently took place in the premises belonging to Messrs. John and James Hopkinson, patent pianoforte manufacturers, situated in Diana Place, New Road, St. Marylebone. The firm is well known throughout the country, as having carried off first-class prizes at the Great Exhibition held in London in 1851, and at the recent Exhibition in Paris. The premises are completely destroyed, with a large stock of instruments, not less than 200, including many expensive Grands, and about half of them nearly finished. No gas was used in the manufactory, and it was heated by steam from a boiler and furnace placed in an outer building, which remains uninjured. The premises were built by the Messrs. Hopkinson in 1852. They are insured in the County Fire Office for £1,000, and the stock-in-trade for £2,500, with a further sum of £2,000 in the North of England. The total loss is not yet ascertained, but it is much more than the sum insured. The whole of the valuable stock of seasoned wood in the dry-house and timber-yard is fortunately saved. One hundred and ten workmen were employed in the building on the day of the fire, and about one-fourth of them only had their tools insured. We learn that, after the men had left their work on Saturday night, at a quarter past seven o'clock, the premises were carefully examined, with and without lights, and reported "all safe." No clue has been yet discovered as to the origin of the fire.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER ON TABLES AND TABLE-CLOTHS.

The Bishop of Exeter has addressed a letter to the Right Hon. Dr. Lushington in reference to his recent judgment in the case of Mr. Weston, the churchwarden of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and Mr. Beal, an inhabitant of the district of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, against the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell, the incumbent of those districts. Respecting the tables, the Bishop observes:—

"Perhaps you will be surprised at my saying that it is your decision that credence tables are illegal, which appears to me pregnant with serious consequences. It happened to myself a few years ago, to have a complaint brought to me against a clergyman for putting a credence table within the chancel. My judgment in that case was,—Change the name of the table, but let the table itself remain." Thus, I really think, was substantially the fittest decision I could make. It gave a triumph to neither party; that was certainly well; it was disagreeable to both parties—that too, probably, was not ill. If I had been applied to before such a table was set up, to solve a doubt between this clergyman and some of his parishioners, how he was 'to do and execute' the direction of the rubric introduced for the first time in 1662,—and when there is a communion the priest shall then (after the offertory sentences) place upon the table so much bread and wine as he shall think requisite,—it is very likely that I should have said, 'Put the bread and wine upon some table within easy reach that you may be able with least inconvenience or unseemliness, to place them on the Lord's table at the time commanded by the rubric.' If any person had been so ignorant as to object to the second table as Popish, I should have endeavoured to convince him of the contrary."

Now for the table-cloths:—

"To a variety of covers for the holy table, carried to a fantastic or great extent, I am, speaking of myself personally, opposed in taste and judgment. But I know not when or where the excess can be said to be culpable. You cut the knot by saying there shall be only one. Now, this condemns a black cloth in Lent no less than ever-varying exhibitions of covering. I frankly say that I do not assent to the entire propriety of such a decision. If anything of this sort is carried to such an extent as the Consistorial Court of the bishop shall deem inconsistent with due solemnity, that court will very properly restrain the usage. But the absolute prohibition of all variety on all occasions seems to me of very questionable fitness. A mourning cover, for instance, would seem very appropriate to a season of mourning or humiliation."

"There remain to us specimens of the massive, costly, highly wrought, richly-embroidered tapetes of those days (the days of James I.). Not long ago, but long before these matters were questioned in courts of law, one of my country clergy showed to me an ancient specimen belonging to his church of thick silk stuff, highly wrought with gold flowers. In truth, the meaning of the words of the canon would not be quite satisfied with a mere covering of silk. I certainly should not think it necessary to censure such a covering—unless, as is very possible, and I am afraid, not very improbable—in the reaction of which your judgment may very perversely be made the cause—I should not, I say, censure a mere covering of silk, unless, in a wealthy parish, there was an ostentatious display of scantiness or homeliness in the silk covering itself. I should, otherwise, be inclined to leave the matter to the sense of fitness in the parties themselves. But still less should I think myself at liberty to blame a parish or parishioner for placing even a sumptuous carpet of silk or velvet, or other rich stuff, for the very richest material would appear to me 'congrua et decora' in ornamenting the house of God, especially His own holy table."

THE "PEEL WEDDING BREAKFAST."—Ludicrous as Lewis is, he is scarcely less laughable as a debater than any of the rest of the Cabinet curiosities. Palmerston appears to be aware of this; and is accused of fencing for support in unparliamentary channels. Thus the extraordinary Peel wedding breakfast, at Apsley House, on Thursday, whereat he was a leading performer, the antique cupid returning thanks for the bridesmaids, proposed by the Lord President, Granville, is said to have been made to partake much more of a Ministerial complexion than circumstances fairly warranted. True, the bridegroom is a Lord of his Admiralty; but that is no reason, though it was made one, why a place sacred to staunchest Toryism, should be flooded with Whigs and Whiggings, to the thirty-first degree of cousinship, in a fashion that must have caused the spirit of the iron F. M. to pace the halls perturbedly that night because of the desecration; and must have also cast a gloom on the shade of him whose last public words denounced the abettor of Pacifico. Strange that all, or nearly all, the political Peelite kept away, Cardwell, Herbert, Graham, and the rest, including poor old Goulburn, for the tolerably sufficient reason, that he died a couple of days before. Yet there was Palmerston, of whom he was a junior Red-tapist by five years, though still the oldest of all living placemen, frisky as an antediluvian capricorn, and looking like the eldest son of Paterfamilias, though in reality several years his senior. That personage, the bride's father, who has no more notion of oratory than a guinea-pig, made a speech, and Bernal Osborne made a pun, namely, "I knew he was Tweedledumb, but I find he's Tweedledee"—the best thing that came off during the whole affair, except the bridal cake, which seems to have been constructed by the Todleben of cooks, on the Sebastopol model, to withstand almost any degree of pounding.—*London Correspondent of the Liverpool Advertiser.*

SEWING COTTON.—The majority of reels or bobbins of thread profess to hold 300 yards, those of the most respectable makers measure really about 260 or 270 yards, which is a comparatively small defalcation from their professions. But there exists a reel which circulates, owing to its apparent cheapness, much among the poor, is very extensively shipped, and is known as the "Paisley reel." My friend has sent me five specimens of this favourite reel, which, it appears, is not exclusively manufactured at Paisley, but is rather the name adopted by most thread makers for a particular manufacture. No. 1, "The British Exhibition Thread," professes to be 100 yards—measures only 60. No. 2, marked "—Sons, Manchester," Paisley quality, 300 yards—measures only 176. No. 3, green ticket, marked "Paisley Sewing Thread," 300 yards, and made at Paisley—measures only 150 yards. This appeared to me, I confess, when I had got thus far, a strong enough deception for anything—to withhold from the housewife exactly one half of what she supposed she was buying. But my friend's memorandum stated "the above are for the home trade," and this led me to suppose there was something worse remained behind. I proceeded with my inquiry, and it appeared that specimens Nos. 4 and 5 were "for shipping only." No. 4 is labelled on gold tickets, "Persian Thread, six cord"; and "Warranted 200 yards"; the truth is, it measures 100 yards, and is only three cord. My last example, No. 5, is the "Royal British Thread," ticketed 100 yards—it measures exactly 25.—*Amicus, in The Times.*

THE GREAT GOLD FREIGHT.—The expense of bringing to England and lodging in the Bank of England, the monster freight of specie brought home in the West India steamer Tyne, amounted to about £7,000. The expense of conveying it to London by railway after it was landed at Southampton was £225. There were 75 tons, and the charge per ton was £3.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION.—The news lately received from the Sandwich Islands includes accounts of a terrible volcanic eruption on the island of Hawaii. For 63 days the molten flood has rolled down the mountain without abatement. The entire atmosphere was loaded with smoke and gases, through which the sun shone with dingy and yellow rays. The amount of lava disgorged from this awful magazine was enormous. The higher regions of the mountains were flooded with vast tracts of smoking lava, while the streams which had flowed down the sides of the mountain, spread over a surface of several miles in breadth. The main stream, including all its windings, was more than 50 miles long, with an average breadth of three miles. It was eating its way slowly through the deep forest and the dense jungle between it and the sea, which would soon be reached unless the great summit fountain ceases to disgorge.

LITERARY PLACEMEN.—Mr. John Forster, author of the "Life of Goldsmith," has recently been appointed Commissioner of Lunacy. Mr. Pictor (Barry Cornwall) is on the same Commission. Mr. Tom Taylor is Secretary to the Board of Health, at a handsome salary. Mr. Alfred Tennyson is Poet Laureate, with a pension besides. Mr. G. P. R. James is a British Consul in America. Mr. A. Beckett is a Surrey Magistrate. Doctor Bowring is British Representative at Hong Kong. Mr. Samuel Warren is Recorder of Hull. Mr. Alexander Smith holds an appointment in Edinburgh. Here is a good show of names in answer to the complaint that literary men are never appointed to honourable public employments in this country. The question, however, is—How many of them owe their dignities to their literary merits?

MISSISSIPPI INCIDENT.—An old lady was going down the river for the first time, and expressed to the captain her earnest hope that there would be no racing. Presently another boat neared them, and half the passengers urged the captain to "pile on." The old lady shrieked and protested, but to no purpose; the skipper "piled on," and as the race was a very long and doubtful one, she soon became excited. The rival boat shot ahead; the old lady gave a sid; of bacon, her sole possession, to feed the boiler fires; the boat was left behind—she clapped her hands—it ran ahead again—and, frantic, she seated herself upon the safety-valve! It was again doubtful, but, lo! the antagonist boat was "snagged," and the lady gave a yell of perfect delight when she saw it discomfited, and a hundred human beings struggling in the water.—*Englishwoman in America.*

ALLEGED MURDER NEAR RICHMOND.

GREAT excitement has been caused throughout Richmond and the surrounding places, by the apprehension of two men, respectively named Jackson and Ford, on the charge of murdering Mary Anne Peacock and her child. Jackson was the captain, and Ford was the mate, of a large plying between Richmond and London. On Wednesday of last week an inquest was held on Mary Anne Peacock, at the Crooked Billet Tavern, Ham.

Samuel Kemp, a fisherman at Teddington, said that at half-past ten on Sunday morning last, he was on the island near Teddington Lock, and saw the body of the deceased in the water, below the "tumbling bay." With the aid of a boat he secured the body. It was dressed, but it had no bonnet. It appeared as if it had been in the water two or three days. The police removed it in a cart to his house. He saw no marks of violence on the body.

Susannah Holland, who laid out the body of the deceased, said she found a red mark on the head and other marks on the body and shoulders. Her hands and feet were coddled very much.

Richard Peacock, beer-shop-keeper, identified the deceased. She was 30 years of age. She resided in a back lane in Kingston, and was the widow of a brickmaker. She had five children, but only four of them lives at her house. He saw the body on Sunday last; he had not seen her alive since last autumn.

Mr. Vaughan Oberton, surgeon at Hampton and Teddington, said that on Sunday he was sent for, and saw the body just after it was picked up. After a careful examination of the body, he gave it as his opinion that she died of asphyxia from drowning, and that she died speedily on immersion. There was no reason to suppose that she was intoxicated when she met her death. The slight marks on her legs would not warrant him in saying that she was held by the legs, and her head in the water. From what he heard, he should think that she was holding a child when she met her death.

John Peacock, son of the deceased, said that he, with his brother Edward and sisters Anne and Eliza, the latter aged two years and a half, lived with his mother. He saw his mother dead on Sunday last, and the last time he had seen her alive was on the previous Monday. On Monday Emma Sturt and Sarah Lane, who lived in the house and took their meals with his mother, were in the house, and Joseph Hamerton (who often called) was there. George Ford came in; it was the first time he had ever seen Hamerton there. On his coming in he told Hamerton to walk out, or he would get some one to put him out. Hamerton and George had no words; but immediately on George saying so, Hamerton went away with Emma Sturt and Sarah Lane. George had previously asked for a cup of tea, and Sarah Lane gave him one. After Hamerton went away, witness remained with his mother and George Ford, who asked her to go on board his barge with him. She replied, "No," and George, taking a knife off the table, said, "If you don't go I will stab you." She refused several times, but, on his making this threat, she went out with George, and took out the child Eliza also, because the child was ill and crying. A Mrs. Fray, who lodged in the house, came in whilst George and the deceased were taking beer. He offered her some, but she refused, and went up stairs to bed. George worked with a man named Jackson, for Mr. Stiles of Long Ditton. Witness's mother went out without a bonnet or shawl. George wanted to put witness to bed, and pushed witness up stairs, but witness's mother pulled him down. When his mother went out, she said she would come back next morning, or late at night. His mother often stayed out late at night. George and Jackson worked in Mr. Stiles's barge. George was very cross with his mother when they went out.

Emma Sturt, a single woman, corroborated the above as to the visit of George, and his desiring Hamerton to go out. Witness went out with Hamerton, but returned at half-past eight, and found George with Mrs. Peacock. When Mrs. Peacock was going out, she said to witness, "Do not lock the door, as I am going on board the barge with George, and I shall not be back till nine o'clock." Witness never saw her alive again. She and George had kept company for some time. George never caught Hamerton there before. It was sometimes two or three in the morning before deceased came home. The inquiry was then adjourned.

EXAMINATION OF THE PRISONERS.

The two prisoners were brought up on Saturday last for examination. No event that has occurred in Surrey, since the murders committed by Mrs. Brough, has created so much sensation as the present case; and the moment the doors were opened, the spacious room in which the examination was appointed to be held became densely crowded. The prisoner, Jackson, appeared a respectable-looking man, about five feet six or eight inches in height, but Ford was considerably taller, and had a remarkable expression of countenance. Whilst in court they were closely watched, and placed in the custody of police officer No. 166, of the V division.

Joseph Hamerton said that he resided at the water side, and was a bargeman. On Monday, the 7th inst., he was in the house belonging to Mrs. Peacock, when Ford came in, and said that, if witness did not go out, he would fetch some one to make him go out. To save him the trouble he went out, and proceeded to the Rose and Crown. He saw no more of them till Tuesday morning, about six o'clock, when he saw Ford come ashore in a boat at Kingston. He heard the boat come along, and looked out of his window. Whilst Ford was proceeding, as he imagined, to call the prisoner Jackson, witness went on board the barge called the *Charlotte*, and therein he saw the female and her child lying in the port bunk. She was then alive, and he saw her and the child move. He could swear that the two persons were then alive, and he saw their faces. He did not speak to Mrs. Peacock, and he went on purpose to see whether deceased was there, as he had heard that she was going on board. He did not go to see whether she was there because he was jealous. He used to go to deceased's house to teach the women to write. He did not lose sight of the barge until Ford came on board again and started it. He had no ground for knowing that Jackson was at home, and he was not quite certain that Ford went to his house, although he went in that direction. He did not see Jackson on board again.

Mary Fray, a married woman, living at Kingston, said—that she occupied a room in Mrs. Peacock's house, up to last Monday. She remembered the night of Monday, the 7th inst., when she returned home at half-past seven in the evening. On entering the kitchen, she saw Mrs. Peacock and the prisoner Ford sitting by the fire in separate chairs. Mrs. Peacock said, referring to a can on the table, "there is not enough beer to ask you to drink," when witness said, if there had been she would not have any, as she had just had her tea at her mistress's. She went to her room, and never saw the deceased alive afterwards.

By Inspector Ransey—She did not during any part of the day or evening drink with the prisoner Ford, and was no longer in his company than she had stated, and when she went home on the day in question, he did not as much as speak to her.

Cross-examined—Had never seen Jackson in the company of the deceased.

Mr. Littlewood urged that there was no evidence whatever to implicate his client Jackson, and he hoped the bench would discharge him at once, or admit him to bail.

The magistrates having consulted together, decided upon adjourning the case until Saturday (this day), and the bench refused to take bail for Jackson. The court was opened at twelve at noon, and the proceedings lasted till nearly five o'clock.

The prisoners having been securely handcuffed, were removed to Horsemonger Lane Gaol, properly guarded.

A CHANCE FOR THE LADIES.—The following advertisement appears in a French newspaper:—"A young man drawn under the conscription, having no relish for the military profession, wishes to marry somebody who can procure him a substitute.—Address, A. B., &c."

A MONKISH FRAUD.—The monks of a certain monastery at Messina used to exhibit with great triumph, a letter as being written by the Virgin Mary with her own hand. Unluckily for them, however, this was not, as it easily might have been, written upon the ancient papyrus, but on paper made of rags. On one occasion a visitor, to whom it was shown, observed, with affected solemnity, that the letter involved also a miracle, for the paper on which it was written was not in existence until several centuries after the mother of our Lord had died.—*Paper and Paper Making.*

THE COUNCIL OF WAR AT PARIS.

SCARCELY had the Grand Military Council, which was recently assembled at St. Petersburg to prepare for the defence of the Russian dominions, been dissolved, when representatives of the armies and fleets of the Allies, were summoned to the French capital, to hold, under the presidency of the Emperor Napoleon, that Council of War which our artist has so ably depicted on another page.

This Council, which consisted of nineteen persons—viz., the Emperor the Prince Jerome Bonaparte, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Napoleon, Lord Cowley, Sir Edmund Lyons, Admiral Dundas, Sir Richard Airey, Sir Harry Jones, General della Marmora, Marshal Vailant, Count Walewski, General Canrobert, General Bosquet, General Niel, General Martimprey, Admiral Hamelin, Admiral de la Gravière, and Admiral Fenaud, held its first meeting on the 10th inst., at the Palace of the Tuileries, in the very chamber, we believe, where, in other days, Louis Philippe was in the habit of conferring with his Ministers on affairs of state.

Among the distinguished personages taking part in this Council, the first in ability and position, in name and place, was, of course, the Emperor himself, the story of whose life furnishes so striking an instance of truth being sometimes much stranger and more capricious than fiction. It is now nearly half a century since Napoleon the Third first saw the light at the Tuileries. His father, Louis Bonaparte, a brother of the great Emperor, was for a while King of Holland; his mother, Queen Hortense, was a daughter of the Empress Josephine. He and the ill-starred King of Rome were, it appears, the only two princes of their race born under the shadow of the imperial dynasty. The Empress, Marie Louise, was one of the sponsors at his baptism; and after the return from Elba, he was, by his mighty uncle, presented to the soldiers and the people in the Champ de Mai. The scene he then witnessed inspired the boy with so ardent an admiration for his great kinsman, that he expressed the utmost anxiety to share the fallen warrior's exile; and when, refused, he was with difficulty pacified by his mother, who, when the restoration of the Bourbons was accomplished, carried him into Switzerland.

When years had passed on, however, the revolution, which metamorphosed the Duke of Orleans into King of the French, inspired Louis Napoleon with the hope of being restored to his country; and he even requested to be allowed to serve in France as a common soldier. His request being refused, the disappointed exile repaired to Italy; and having taken part in the Italian insurrection, he accomplished a dangerous flight to England, where he commenced devoting his leisure to literary labours. While in exile and poverty, he was, if all stories are true, told by a gipsy at Norwood that he would one day figure as Emperor of the French, and arbiter of the destinies of Europe. Youth is ever credulous on such points, and the heir of the conqueror of Austerlitz being rather inclined to believe that such would be the case, lost no opportunity, good, bad, or indifferent, of pushing his fortune.

Having, on the untimely death of the King of Rome, now known as Napoleon the Second, become legal heir of the first Napoleon, he, in 1836, ventured upon surprising the garrison of Strasbourg, intending, in the event of success, to march to Paris. The affair proved an utter failure, and the adventurer, being taken prisoner, was sent off to America. He soon, however, returned to Switzerland, but finding it advisable to leave the Cantons, he, in 1838, took up his residence in London.

Resolving, in 1840, on another dash at the French crown, he embarked in an English steamer, and landed near Boulogne. The consequence was his imprisonment in the citadel of Ham, from which, disguised as a workman, he made his escape in 1846.

Napoleon having by this time learned a good deal of wisdom from experience, resided quietly in England till the French Revolution of 1848, when he was elected a representative in the National Assembly. He was subsequently chosen President of the Republic, and having in that capacity outwitted the Legislative Assembly and corrupted the army, he possessed himself of all power, and, in Dec., 1852, was proclaimed Emperor.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte is the youngest brother of Napoleon I., and, for a time, enacted the part of King of Westphalia. Prince Napoleon, who is a son of the ex-King, by his second marriage with a Princess of Wurtemberg, is supposed to know something about the war, having held a command in the allied army before Sebastopol, fought at the Alma, and been reported as the author of a certain pamphlet reflecting on the conduct of the war.

Count Walewski is also reputed to have the Bonaparte blood in his veins, being, according to rumour, an illegitimate son of Napoleon I. He is a Pole by his mother's side, and though brought up in France, was so sensible of the woes of her unhappy country, that he took part in the insurrection of 1831, fought and bled for Poland, came to England as the envoy of the revolutionary government, and has since been a member of the Polish Association. Having for some time figured with distinction as French Ambassador in England, he was lately appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The Duke of Cambridge, who we suppose represents English royalty in the Council, was born at Hanover in 1819, and, being a military man of high rank, was appointed to a command in the Crimea. He took part in the battles of Alma and Inkermann, but having been ordered by the medical authorities to retire from the camp and recruit his health, he came to England, and gave the country the benefit of his experience, in the form of evidence, before the Sebastopol Committee.

Lord Cowley, who is one of the Wellesley family, and a nephew of the late Duke of Wellington, takes part in the discussions as English ambassador at the Court of France, and Admirals Lyons and Dundas have been summoned to the Council in their capacities of commanders of the Black Sea and Baltic fleets.

Sir Richard Airey, who has had much experience of military matters, appears there as quarter-master of our army in the East, Marshal Vailant is present as French Minister of War, and Admiral de la Gravière as Minister of Marine.

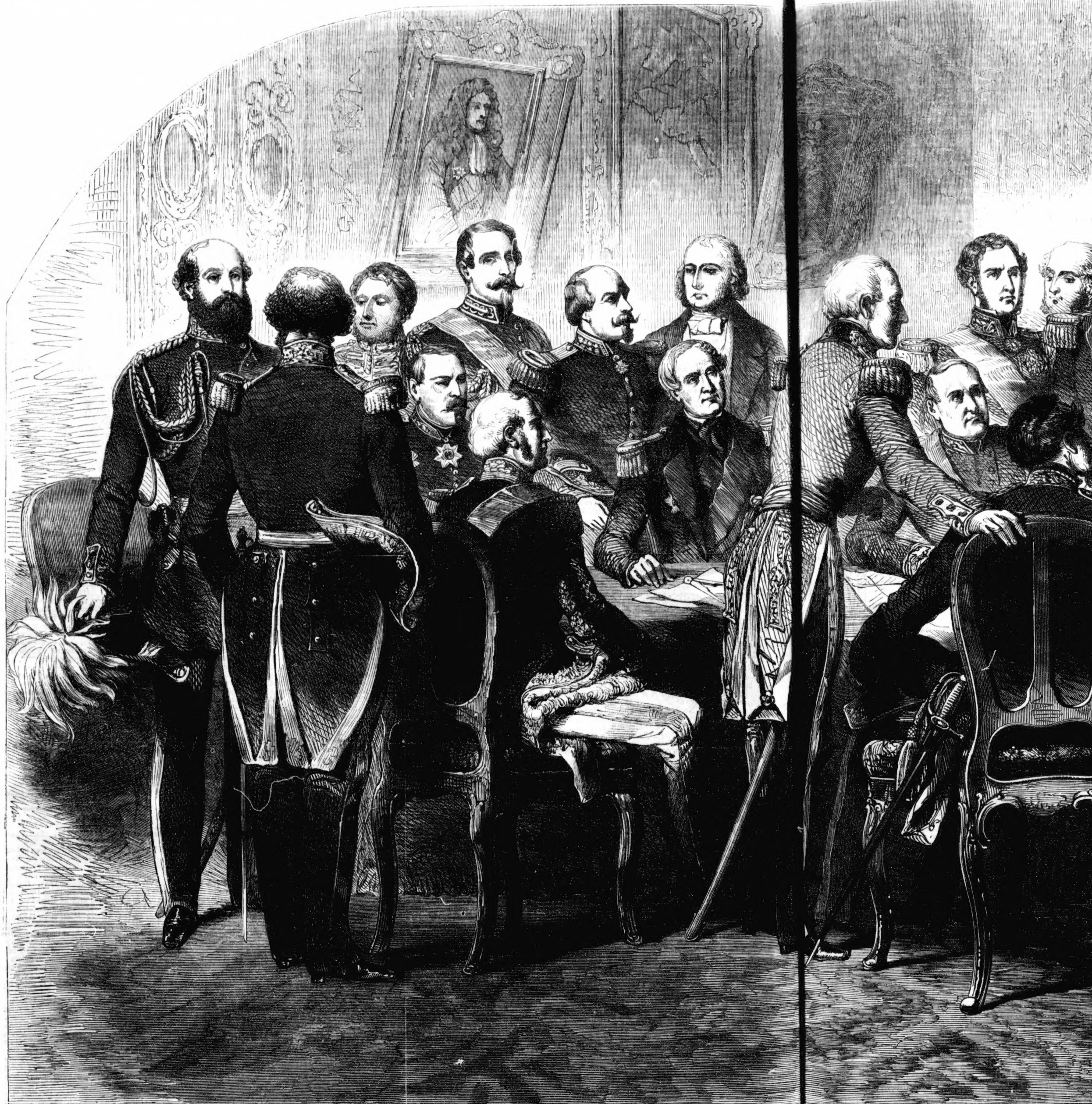
General Martimprey, chief of the staff to the French army in the Crimea, is stated to be the representative of Marshal Pelissier. Admiral Hamelin, it will be remembered, commanded the French fleet in the Black Sea before Bruat, and Fenaud was last year colleague of Admiral Dundas in the Baltic.

The names of General Niel and Sir Harry Jones have been intimately associated in the engineering operations carried on during the Russian war. "I have had to congratulate myself," wrote General Niel after the capture of the Malakhoff, "in every instance on my relations with General Harry Jones, commanding the engineers of the English army. Our object was the same, and we have never differed in our opinion on the means to be employed for attaining it. Already, at the siege of Bomarsund, I had the opportunity of appreciating the loyalty and the noble character of this general officer. I have been happy at finding myself again in relations with him at the siege of Sebastopol."

Generals Canrobert and Bosquet, one a favourite of the Emperor Napoleon, and the other a somewhat stern republican, have of late been so prominently before the public, that any remarks in regard to their career would be superfluous. Of both these generals we have previously given biographical sketches; of the gallant Canrobert in our 4th, and of the brave Bosquet in our 34th number.

General della Marmora has recently been the subject of much high, though well-deserved, praise.

"The genius of one man, Alfonso La Marmora," says the historian of the great House of Savoy, "has done more for the security of his country than could have been achieved by the construction of any number of impregnable bastions. La Marmora has regenerated the army of Piedmont. Appointed to the Ministry of War since November, 1849, he brought into every branch of his administration an energy and activity equally characteristic of himself, and of every member of his brave family. He reformed the staff by the wholesale dismissal of disabled, disaffected, or incapable officers, utterly regardless of personal favour or courtly patronage, perfectly unmoved by senseless popular outcry. By the enforcement of a strict, impartial rule, by a thorough reform of the educational system in military colleges, by a constant call upon the mental and bodily exertions both of soldiers and officers, he produced, in less than six years, the most civilised as well as the best disciplined army that ever could be organised out of Italian elements."



DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

ADM. S. DUNDAS.

GEN. BOSQUET. GEN. DELLA MARMORA. ADM. FENAUD.

GEN. CANROBERT.

ADM. LYONS. COUNT WALEWSKI.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR HELD AT PARIS UNDER THE

GEN. JONES.

PRINCE JEROME. ADM. HAMFLIN. GEN. MA

PRESIDENCY OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.



NAUD. GEN. CANROBERT. ADM. LYONS. COUNT WALEWSKI.
THE COUNCIL OF WAR HELD AT PARIS UNDER THE

GEN. JONES. PRINCE JEROME. ADM. HAMLIN. GEN. MARTINEAU. PRINCE NAPOLEON.
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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1856.

PEERAGES FOR LIFE.

SIR JAMES PARKE, the Judge, has been created a peer for the *Term of Natural Life*, by the title of Baron Wensleydale. This may seem a very plain fact, enough. But when we remember that it is only the exercise of ancient prerogative—after a long lapse of time when a peerage not to be transmitted has been created; and when we look at the fact in all its bearings, we shall perhaps find that it is a remarkable event.

In the first place, the provision was made with no special reference to SIR JAMES PARKE, who has no son to inherit his title. It is clearly intended as a precedent. And it is known, besides, that the question it involves, has often been discussed among politicians of late years. As for the Crown's power to grant such peerages, that everybody admits. The interesting point is, whether creations of the kind should be frequent—is the precedent a good one? Considering how widely all classes of English people interest themselves in politics—with or without knowledge—it is surprising how little is generally known of the House of Lords.

The House of Lords, historically considered, represents the great feudal barons of the kingdom. Baronial tenure or creation were the foundations of peerage, in old times. But creation generally was accompanied by a grant of lands; and still, landed property is the essential condition of the body. Its utility in the Constitution depends on its property, for property is power; and power in the Lords is one of the safe-guards of the country against the tyranny of the Crown on the one hand, or that of the House of Commons on the other. The best security for English society at a push would be the following, which the great nobles could command, if a crisis required it. And its landed character, by involving country residence, healthy pursuits, communion and inter-communion, at once prevents the men themselves from sinking into debauched *Grand Seigneurs* like those of old France; and protects the people from the bad consequences of town domination. Take away the personal relation between landlord and tenant—let the whole relation be a money one only—and the peasantry would soon sink into mere beasts of burden. Even the economists now repudiate their old doctrine, that it is of no consequence whether landlords be absentees or not.

It is therefore of the highest importance to the people that the House of Lords should be as good a body as possible. And, as it is always changing, by extinctions, fresh creations, and so on, we ought to be curious on the matter of its recruitment.

The changes in the House of Lords have been greater during the last three centuries than is commonly supposed; as a brief sketch of the facts will show. It has changed in such a way as to reflect all the rest of the changes of English life.

Originally, of course, it consisted of the feudal barons; men who, as is well known, were a kind of kinglets or little kings in various parts of the island. But the wars of the Roses played havoc with these gentlemen. They destroyed many of them altogether. Others, like the PERCYS, PERCYS, CLIFFORDS, NEVILLES, &c., &c., suffered frightfully. The policy of the TUDORS deliberately was to pull down the old nobility. When QUEEN ELIZABETH died, the House of Peers consisted of 60 only. In 1830 it numbered 328! This alone would show the comparatively modern character of our titles. But when we consider that a process of extinction has all along been going on, that while JAMES the First was adding 62, 17 became extinct; while CHARLES the First was adding 59, 21 died out; and so on, we shall see the fact still more clearly. Nothing but the copiousness of addition could have kept the body from dying out altogether.

This addition was made (except in cases where JAMES absolutely sold titles) from the best sources; first, from the old landed gentry who represented the feudal kinglets of old days on a smaller scale; second, from men of personal eminence; or men who had acquired land by purchase, and would not be reasonably excluded as representatives of our fine old merchants, and fast becoming allied to the aristocracy in blood. At the same time, along with these there were less creditable creations, as we have just above said; and several of the creations of CHARLES the Second are purely indefensible. Generally speaking, when a man was not of the greater gentry he had made his honours by the law, and many families owe their elevation to that profession.

During the last century borough-mongering, and all that comes under the head of political jobbery, was a great source of peerage; and, latterly, downright money, without any kind of either gentility or genius, carried off coronets. It is now, therefore, become a question (since observation from without is keener than ever), what principles should regulate new creations? Can we avoid old faults?

Property is an absolutely necessary condition of hereditary peerage; indeed, no poor gentleman, however old his blood, would accept a title, and the great gentry have almost all been absorbed into the peerage. This is not a point only of consequence to the peers themselves. A numerous body of poor nobles would not only discredit them, but would be a nuisance to the people, as monopolisers of every kind of preferment; besides, as rivals for the hands of rich *bourgeoises*, for whom they would watch as DRAGON did for a Spanish galleon. And powerful as every kind of property is, it is as well that riches should be, if possible, where there is a hereditary cultivation and a traditional code of honour. A title, also, would—were titles given where means did not exist—very probably be a most disagreeable appendage to the descendant. So far everybody will agree.

At the same time, it is of the last importance that no such principle should be admitted, as that so much money should have a right to such-and-such rank. The House of Lords requires honourable esteem quite different from the sentiment with which successful rapacity, or mere money-grubbing, is viewed. It is as the descendants of brave men—great statesmen and warriors—founders of abbeys—leaders of armies—that the House of Lords is respected even now—now, when there are so many men in it who would blush if the arts by which their ancestors got their places there were bared to the world. Indeed, by a curious coincidence, the men of whom we are most proud of the last hundred and fifty years' producing, among the aristocracy, were scions of the honourable old gentle

stocks—the STANHOPEs, the ST. JOHNS, the GRANVILLEs, the THURMAYs (Mansfield), the ERSKINEs, the LYTTELTONs, the WALPOLES. Names like these give a certain historic flavour to the House, which the English people like; and perhaps it is as well that, though old titles are rare among the Peers, old families are not uncommon.

To apply these remarks to the question of life peerages, we say frankly that we approve the idea, though we are well aware that the practice may lead to abuse. It is obvious that great personal merit, without fortune, might, in a life peerage, find honourable reward, and the House gain lustre from the individual, without being saddled with the family. Rank is too strong in this country to receive damage from this; and, besides, the new peer, with the rank of a peer, would acquire the interests of one, and do his best for the honour of the institution. Especially we think life peerages should be given to lawyers, if lawyers must have peerages at all, since we are often saddled with the descendants—as governors—of some hide-bound, grasping old fellow, who really had no great qualities but cunning and toughness. The presence of new men of parts would add activity to the Lords, and check the tendency to oligarchy (as distinct from aristocracy, either feudal or modern) which is observable in England. But these are points to which we shall doubtless have occasion to return.

STAFFORDSHIRE MORALITY—OFFICIAL AND PROFESSIONAL.

PUTTING the terrible crimes of which Palmer stands accused altogether on one side, there nevertheless appears to be a different tone of morality prevalent at Rugeley, and its neighbourhood, to that which obtains in other parts of this island. Who before ever heard of a coroner receiving "private and confidential" written instructions, from a person charged with murder, as to the witnesses that should be summoned to procure an acquittal? Who ever dreamt that Staffordshire coroners were in the habit of receiving underhand presents of game—to say nothing of bank notes, hinted at—from persons whose lives hung upon the verdict about to be delivered under their direction? Who thought, too, that sympathising postmasters played Sir James Graham's old trick, with such of the correspondence that passed through their hands as they believed might bear upon the case, and not only communicated its contents, but exhibited the letters themselves at the bedside of a man within an ace of being branded as a murderer? Do respectable solicitors, too, generally witness proposals for life insurances, and certify that labouring men are men of affluence, as a mere matter of course? Do doctors, in extensive practice, usually certify their patients to be temperate solely on said patients' own *ipse dixit*, when their personal appearance is sufficient to satisfy casual observers of their dram-drinking propensities, and their confirmed drunken habits are the talk of the town in which they reside? And, lastly, would any detective, uncontaminated by the atmosphere of Rugeley, after investigating a case where murder was more than suspected, quietly content himself with looking after the interests of his employers, and with utterly neglecting those responsibilities, common to all men, in the interests of religion, morality, and society at large? We say nothing respecting the culpability of those insurance offices that wink at murder, provided the murderer's hands can be kept out of their cash boxes, and dividends to shareholders are not shorn of their due proportions. This would open up too wide a field of inquiry.

The Government, we are happy to see, have commenced to deal with Postmaster Cheshire. We recommend Coroner Ward, and *quasi* Inspector Field, to their subsequent consideration.

THE GREAT JUSTICE QUESTION.

MR. JACKSON, a Doncaster pawnbroker, has (*teste* the indignant protest of half a county) been imprisoned for a crime he did not commit—through the caprice of some local magistrates. A few days ago, three women, in the West of England, were committed by a rural bench of justices, to four days' imprisonment each, for stealing six turnips between them, although the owner of the turnips refused to prefer any charge. The case of the poor boy, Henry Hoile, is fresh in everybody's memory, and may be considered immortalised by Mr. Barb. d'Aeth's inimicable epistle to Lord Lonsborough. Mr. d'Aeth, we see, not content with the punishment already inflicted, has interfered with the lad's master, whose landlord he is, to prevent him from being employed again. Hoile is, therefore, dependant on casual charity. We shall not readily forget the cases of Williams the Sunday labourer, and of the two brothers Collins. Altogether, we have on hand, just at present, abundance of suggestive material for a seriously revived discussion of the old question of "Justices' justice"—the question whether the mere possession of landed property and, consequently, interested antipathy to poachers and vagrants, be sufficient qualification for a gentleman to be intrusted with the rights and liberties of our rural and provincial population.

The question is, how to remedy the evil? The obvious answer is, by stipendiary magistrates. But this scheme has not been always found infallible. Few of our middle-aged readers will have forgotten the eccentricities of Mr. Laing. Not many months have elapsed since Mr. Hall delivered his celebrated verdict on the sobriety of the English character, which could hardly be considered a proof of the temperance of his own. Last week, Sir Peter Laurie (it is true that great lumina; is not a stipendiary magistrate, but is supposed to hold office on still more dignified grounds) remarked to a prisoner who had asked "if he looked like a thief?"—"I think not, as you are clean shaven; but if you had come before me unshaven, I should have had a different opinion!" It is not very long since the appointment of a madman to a County Court judgeship, threw the second city in the kingdom into a state of panic and comparative *coup d'état* for weeks.

It seems to us that the fault lies in the manner in which appointments are made. As long as such responsible situations are regarded as mere gifts by irresponsible donors, favouritism and injustice will creep in; the wrong man will occasionally be found in the wrong place. In some of the United States of America (if not in all), not merely the magistrates, but the very judges, are chosen by popular election. We have heard no complaints of the working of the system.

PARDONS TO THE INNOCENT.

A "FREE pardon" has been granted to Mr. Ashham Eyre Tennant, a druggist of Manchester, convicted of a felony, on what has proved to be false evidence. Rushworth and Boys, two lads who were recently found guilty of robbing a sergeant of militia, near Hoxton Church, have also been "pardoned." The same favour, it is believed, will be extended to Mr. Jackson, the Doncaster pawnbroker, mentioned above. Of course the term "free pardon" is a form of fiction, and means, in fact, a full and perfect recognition of innocence. But, in that case, why not say so?

It may be urged that the working of the British law and constitution, generally, was based on fictions, themselves usually based on some good principle. Thus, the fiction of the irresponsibility of monarchs is good—as calculated to preserve respect for the Crown as an institution—and lead to honesty and circumspection in the Crown's advisers. The "Children Hundreds" is a good fiction—as, without some such formal difficulty, however trifling, in resigning a seat—the awful responsibilities of a British senator would be lightly and carelessly assumed as a thing to be thrown off at any moment. So, we suppose, it is a desirable fiction that the decisions of a British jury should be considered infallible—even at the expense of an innocent man's reputation.

To be particularly un-English—that is to say, to speak with perfect

plainness—we consider all this very intolerable nonsense. The principles of our constitution are good for the truths contained in them, and not for the fictions by which those truths are disguised and impeded. John King and Richard Roe—the most respectable of all fictions in our law—have been ignominiously abolished, and we believe the administration of civil justice has in no way suffered by their absence.

The old proverb says, "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall." We say, when an innocent man has been punished for another's, or an imaginary, crime, through the mistake of a jury or bench of magistrates, let every possible amends be made to him. Let him, at least, be restored to society with a public certificate of his unblemished character, even at the risk of magistrates and jurymen being considered fallible mortals—which no one ever doubted them to be. A man brought up to a police court on an obviously unfounded charge, is told that "he leaves the court without a stain on his character." A gentleman who has been transported for years, for an offence he never committed or meditated, receives a "free pardon," and the "stain on his character" sticks to him through life!

THE COLONIES IN PARLIAMENT.

LORD ELGIN, in his recent speech at Glasgow, made a distinct, though guarded allusion, to an "organic change" which has been much discussed of late in the relations between the mother country and her colonies. It is neither more nor less than a bestowal upon the colonies of the right to be represented in the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. The proposal, which is one of great interest, was made recently in an elaborate and eloquent pamphlet, published by the Hon. Joseph Howe, one of the most distinguished statesmen of British North America. But the merits of the proposal were rightly estimated long since, and, eighty years ago, the sagacity of Adam Smith recommended the representation of the colonies in the Imperial Parliament, as the best means of warding off the threatened separation of the provinces which now form the United States of America. Lord Elgin's allusion has been honoured by the leading journal with a notice, which it did not vouchsafe to Mr. Howe's pamphlet, and a leading article in the "Times" touched upon, without exhausting, this most important and interesting problem. The "Times" takes the common sense view of the matter, that if the colonies are to participate in Imperial representation, they must share in the burdens of Imperial taxation—a hint rather calculated to cool the ardour with which the new or resuscitated notion has been advocated by Colonial Statesmen. Yet, at a time when politicians like Mr. Gladstone, talk coolly of parting with the colonies as soon as they are wearied of the connection, it is pleasant to see the public attention directed to a theory, the realisation of which would, for the first time, convert Great Britain and her scattered dependencies into a British Empire. The war gives a new interest to the subject. We are fighting, we say, for the cause of civilisation against barbarism, for the liberties of the world threatened by a Power inspired with the idea of universal conquest. But while the Emperor of Russia can draw upon the resources of the whole of his vast territory and subject population, the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland are the only portions of our empire which contribute men and money to maintain the struggle.

Our colonies illuminate their capitals when they hear of our successes; they transmit contributions to the Patriotic Fund; and there their co-operation ends. One of our chief anxieties in connection with the success of the Russians in Asia arises out of the stealthy intrigues of the enemy in Persia and Central Asia, and his ultimate designs upon Hindostan. But neither the revenue nor the army of India can be made available for the prosecution of a contest, on which the fate of India may depend. Again, should there be (which Heaven avert) a war with America, the Canadas would look to us for aid, but they contribute nothing to the organisation and maintenance of our forces. As in the case of Great Britain and Ireland, with their municipalities and Parliament at Westminster, a truly Imperial system would combine local self-government with representation in a Federal Parliament. In this respect, the United States, with their State Legislatures and their Federal Congress, are politically "a-head" of the mother-country. Let us not be told of the "distance" between the colonies and the parent-land. Steam and the electric telegraph are annihilating distance. When Adam Smith wrote, John O'Groats was further from London than Quebec is now.

WEEKLY OBITUARY.

MAYNE, COLONEL.—On the 23rd ult., at Cairo, aged 36, died Colonel William Mayne, Brigadier commanding the Hyderabad Contingent, and aide-de-camp to the Queen, third son of the late Rev. Robt. Mayne, Rector of Linsfield, Surrey, and great nephew of the late William Mayne, Lord Newhaven, which title, created in 1776, became extinct in 1791. He married, in 1844, Helen Cunliffe, daughter of Thomas Davidson, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, and niece of Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Cunliffe, Bart., by whom he leaves issue an only son. His death took place while he was on his return to England. He was one of the most distinguished officers in the Indian army, which he entered in 1837. In 1838, he volunteered for active service in the Afghan war on the banks of the Indus, was present at the action of Bolam Pass, at Khyberes, and Peshawar. In 1840, he received the thanks of Sir R. Sale for his services in Kohistan, and at the storming of Tooloot, and in the engagements in the Naziam Valley. He was subsequently mentioned by Sir R. Sale in his despatches for his gallantry at the siege of Jellalabad in 1841-42, in the action of July 26 against the Shirmarees, and at Mamooktel. For these and other services, he was warmly praised by General M'Gaskill, Sir George Pollock, and Sir Jasper Nicholls, K.C.B., late commander-in-chief in India. At the same time, Lord Ellenborough wrote:—"No young officer in the Indian army bears a higher character than Lieutenant Mayne. His courage and good conduct in command of the irregular cavalry at Jellalabad excited the admiration of all; and Sir G. Pollock particularly recommended him to me, not only as a very daring officer, but as one who afforded the highest promise of future distinction in important commands. I believe it would be very advantageous to the service were Lieutenant Mayne to obtain early promotion." In 1843, Colonel Mayne had his horse shot under him in the battle of Maharajpore, where he was second in command of the Governor-General's body guard. To the command of this body he succeeded in 1847, and in the following year was made aide-de-camp to the new Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge. In 1851, the Marquis of Dalhousie, in the most flattering terms, appointed him to a brigadiership in the Nizam's service, now called the Hyderabad Contingent; in this capacity he held command of about 6,000 native troops, and was frequently employed in the suppression of outbreaks in the Deccan, and repeatedly received the thanks of both the military and civil authorities for the zeal and activity which he displayed on these occasions, and also in actions against the Arabs and Rohillas. He received the public thanks of the Governor-General in council in September, 1853, and again in September, 1854, for most gallant actions near Aurungabad and Hyderabad; on the latter occasion routing a large body of Rohillas with a force of only 300 men. But it was not only by his superior, but by his fellow-officers and his men, that Colonel Mayne was esteemed and beloved; his success in the field and coolness in action, were only equalled by his kindness of heart. "Wherever he led," writes a friend, "there seemed a conviction that everything must go right; his men cared not where they followed him. He was never wounded, though he had his horse killed under him on several occasions. But dysentery and fever have too surely effected that which the bullets of the enemy were never able to achieve, and his gallant spirit is now at last laid low."

COOK, CAPTAIN.—On the 14th inst., at Pentonville, aged 68, William Cook, well-known as having been in command of the Cambria, when that brig rescued the crew and passengers of the Kent East Indiaman. The Kent, as our readers probably remember, was a fine new vessel, which left the Downs, in February, 1825, with 641 persons on board, for the East. While struggling desperately with a fearful storm, she accidentally caught fire, and there was imminent danger of every one perishing, when a sailor, sent to the foretop, waved his hat, and exclaimed, "A sail on the lee bow!" This proved to be the Cambria, commanded by Captain Cook, and bound for Vera Cruz; but, for a time, the imperilled crew were in doubt whether their signals were perceived. Indeed, from the violence of the gale, the report of the guns was not heard, and it was only the volumes of ascending smoke, which indicated to Captain Cook the dreadful nature of the affair. The brave sailor soon brought the Cambria within such a distance as enabled him to afford relief; and having courageously rescued many of the crew and passengers as was possible, under the awful circumstances, brought them in safety to the Port of Falmouth. Captain Cook was granted a pension by Government, and among other appointments which he had held was that of Civil Commissioner of the Expedition in search of the sources of the Niger. He has been for many years resident Director of the Scottish Equitable Life Office.

STRADBROKE, COUNTESS.—On the 15th inst., in Hertford Street, May Fair, aged 86, Charlotte Maria, Countess of Stradbroke. Her Ladyship, who was the daughter of the late Abraham Whittaker, Esq., of Lyson House, County of Hertford, became in 1799, the second wife of John, first Earl of Stradbroke, who sat for many years, when Sir John Rous, as M.P. for the County of Suffolk.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MAJESTY there is every reason to believe, will open Parliament on Monday.

THE FIRST OF FLANDERS left Windsor by a special train of the South Railway, on Monday afternoon, for London, en route for Brussels.

GORTSCHAKOFF, by the last accounts, was expected at St. Petersburg to receive his appointment as Governor of the Kingdom of Poland, as President of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, to be succeeded by a lady, viz., the Grand Duchess Helen.

THE MINISTER AT WAR, Suolint, has just decided on the formation of a column destined to pursue the brigands.

MACLAY is to write the article on Oliver Goldsmith for the next part of the *Edinburgh*.

THE LADY has addressed a flattering letter, with his portrait surrounded by a laurel wreath, to the Minister of Public Instruction of Dorpat.

THE LADY arrived in town last week, and issued cards of invitation to a grand dinner for the 24th inst.

THE LADY UP THE DOCKS OF SEBASTOPOL has been postponed for some time.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

LAY aside your "Maud," O Editor! Tell your eldest hope that he had better retire from the 75th East Norfolk, or Yarmouth Yahoos, and go back to his conveyancing office in Lincoln's Inn. Sell that medium of Stock which you bought when Consols were so low, and before you knew what a hit your engagement on the "Illustrated Times" would prove. Prepare to buy back the dog cart which, like a prudent man, you sold two years ago, and give up the jolting omnibus, by which you have since travelled into town. Prepare to do all these things at once, for has not Peace once more descended upon Europe? Are not men rushing about, vociferous and open-mouthed, telling us that it is an *affaire finie*,—that income-tax shall be taken off, and provisions henceforth regain their ancient moderate prices,—that there shall be no more strikes, and knobsticks, and dissatisfaction among "hands," and rancour between the combatant and non-combatant parties? These things certainly are all said, but who believes them? Not I, for one! The signature of peace treaties may be "imminent," as is said by the acute translators of despatches for the daily papers,—nay, the treaties themselves may be signed, but the anticipated results will not follow. It is ridiculous to suppose that, for twelve months at least, we shall find any perceptible difference in our domestic affairs. "Once bit, twice shy," though an inelegant proverb, is one worthy to be borne in mind, and you may depend upon it, that it will be some time ere we allow our fleets and armies to relax into that condition in which they were found at the outbreak of the present war. Our standing army will still be kept up to its present standard, the contracts for gun-boats and vessels of war now entered into by the Government will not be allowed to lapse, we have yet the bill for our past expenses to pay, and though the anticipated increase in the income-tax may not be levied, we shall yet have the present amount enforced for some time longer, in addition to which rumour speaks of further duties upon tea, sugar, salt, and a tax of 1s. a ton on coals at the pit's mouth. I firmly believe that the majority of the British public have given no thought to, or have no real idea of these things, that having seen the word "peace" printed in the boldest type on the placards of the weekly newspapers exhibited at the stationers' and tobacconists' shops, they believe that a few scratches of the pen will set all right, that Queen Victoria has merely to nod her accordance with the proposals of the Emperor Alexander, and that then the whole thing will be finished. It is curious to observe the tone of the French press upon the question. The Parisian newspapers are nearly unanimous in their expressions of delight at the prospect of the cessation of the war; and in tones of triumph, they proclaim to their readers the approach of peace, "in spite of the warlike attempts of the English newspapers." I need scarcely say that the "Assemblée Nationale," the organ of the Legitimist party, is most insulting in all its allusions to England, declaring that ours is the only country that will suffer by the measure; that we have lost *prestige*, which we are longing to regain, and that our Government would be strongly inclined to prolong the war, simply for the sake of its own vain glory. Private accounts state that the Conference in Paris has been stormy, and that great dissension has arisen between the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Napoleon, on account of the ardent desire entertained by the latter for the re-constitution of Italy, and more especially Poland, a measure to which the Duke was strongly opposed. Rumour further says that the final Conference for the settlement of the peace question are to be held at Frankfurt (the Allies objecting to Vienna).

People are talking of the article in the "Times" in which Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was so severely mauled. By the writer himself a great deal of his authority was due to the representation of the "Roving Englishman," and must therefore be accepted *cum grano salis*. The "Roving Englishman" (Mr. Grenville Murray), though one of the pleasantest writers and shrewdest observers of the day, has a diplomatic reputation which is, to say the least of it, not to be envied. He has been removed from one of two Embassies, having embroiled himself with the *chefs*, has lax notions regarding the proper amount of secrecy to be observed in an *attaché's* position, and has invariably shown himself most hostile to Lord Stratford, who, under the name of "Sir Hector Stubble," figures in many of his sketches. There must, however, I should imagine, be greater grounds than this for imputing blame to the representative of England at Constantinople, or the usually wary "Times," would not have so far committed itself. If what is alleged be true, viz., that Lord Stratford is constantly quarrelling with Turkish authorities and Ministers of other Powers, and that he left unanswered the despatches in which General Williams implored succour and supplies, simply because that gallant officer had been appointed without his assistance, and was consequently no favourite of his, no time should be lost in at once recalling him, and making the matter the subject of investigation before a criminal tribunal.

Royalty, which in its magnanimity bestowed a pension of £25 a year on a literary gentleman, the compiler of the "Dictionary of Dates," and other useful works, will scarcely feel the tremendous loss in its income. Mr. Hadyn is dead, and there cannot be more than £6 due to his representatives!

By the way, people are never tired of talking of the good nature, benevolence, &c., of Jenny Lind, and I believe the praise is well deserved. It is a pity that her husband does not profit by her good example. I enclose you two letters—No. 1 being the copy of a communication, twice repeated, addressed by a professional musician to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, respecting Madame Lind's services for a concert, and, as you will perceive, offering her her own terms; No. 2 being Mr. Goldschmidt's reply.

No. I.
"Sir,—I write to request the services of Madame Goldschmidt for six concerts, classical and miscellaneous, in town or country; and I am prepared to pay down any sum as deposit. If you are so situated that you are able to accept my offer, I hope you will do so, as I am a musician myself, and had the pleasure of playing at her Majesty's Theatre during the time of Madame Goldschmidt's engagement at there. By accepting my offer, I can assure you you will be doing me the greatest possible service. I do not ask for Madame Goldschmidt to sing for less than her own terms—I know her worth too well for that—and am, as I said before, prepared to pay down any sum that may be required. I think it is not possible to make a more businesslike offer, and I shall feel particularly obliged if you will favour me with a reply. If you will grant me an interview, we can soon come to an understanding.—I am, Sir, &c., &c."
"Otto Goldschmidt, Esq."

No. II.
"Sir,—Your two letters have been received. Their contents and presumption being of such a character as to require no answer, I beg to say that there is none. I am, Sir, &c., &c., yours,
"O. GOLDSCHMIDT."
I leave your readers to form their own ideas on the subject. The letters are genuine.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE QUARTERLY.—THE EDINBURGH.—BULWER'S NOVELS.—ROSE CLARK, BY FANNY FERN.

THE opening article in the "Quarterly" on Table Talk, is pleasant and erudite. When we escape from the discussion on the "Memorabilia" of Socrates, the "Liber Jocularis" of Cicero, and the merits of the jokes contained in Athenæus, Macrobius, Plutarch, and Aulus Gellius—and the writer arrives at the Louis Quatorze period, and chats to us pleasantly of the *mots* of M. de Baur, M. de Benserade, and Grammont (though, by the way, "discreet" is scarcely the phrase to be applied to these gentlemen), and further on, when he discourses of Swift, of Rochefoucauld, of La Bruyère, of Selkirk, of Walpole, and of Byron, we find in him an agreeable companion and a well-read amusing writer. There are two biographical articles in this number; one on Menander, and the other on Henry Fielding; in the latter of which Mr. Frederick Laurence is taken to task for his "meagre and rapid digressions" from his subject. The article, "The Neology of the Cloister," has relation to the heretical charges recently brought against Mr. Jowett, and does battle strongly for his accusers. The pleasantest paper in the number is "The Zoological Gardens," written on the "Household Words" plan of combining instruction and amusement, on the nursery plan of giving powders in a spoonful of jam, and I should imagine from the pen of Dr. Wynter.

The first article in the "Edinburgh," on "The Civil Wars and Cromwell," has for its basis M. Guizot's "Histoire de la République d'Angle-

terre et de Cromwell" and Mr. Bankes's "Story of Corfe Castle." The latter gentleman meets with but little mercy; his royalist tendencies are abused, his descriptions ridiculed, his arguments explained away. M. Guizot receives, as he deserves, the greatest eulogium at the hands of the reviewer; his conception of Cromwell's character and of the position of parties at the time is declared to be most accurate and impartial; his style is characterised as pure, refined, and sparkling. But his translator, a Mr. Scoble, is held up to ridicule and flayed alive. It is pitiable to think that such a work should have been placed in such incompetent hands. The examples quoted by the reviewer read more like the dictionary translations of a schoolboy than the work of a literary man, and worst of all, many utterly inexcusable interpolations upon the original text have been made. Other articles in the "Edinburgh" are a biographical sketch of the minister Von Stein; a curious paper on the "Use of Torture in India," full of horrible details, causing us to blush for our misrule; a statistical article on the "Suez Canal," a political one on the "Russian Campaigns in Asia," and a warm eulogium on Professor Maurice and the "Lectures to Ladies."

The publication of "Zamoni" by the Messrs. Routledge has completed the set of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's novels, the purchase of the copyright of which created such a sensation some time ago. Two years have been occupied in their production, and I am given to understand, that more than five hundred thousand volumes have been sold. Under this review, the complete series of Bulwer's novels can be purchased for £1 11s. 6d.; and when one considers that the original price of "My Novel," published only three or four years since, was two guineas, it cannot be denied that the publishers are entitled to much praise for their enterprise. It is yet a question whether this translation will prove a remunerative one. It is said that a sum of £25,000 has been invested in the undertaking, and I am very doubtful whether Bulwer was a good end to have started with at first; there is such an enormous amount of metaphysical writing and forced philosophical controversy dispersed through many of his works, that half the volumes will be unintelligible to the casual "railway reader," who, accordingly, will be compelled to skip over the pages, to follow what he calls the "story." The benefit to be derived by the public from the perusal of this kind of literature, is setting aside a little mawkish sentimentality unquestionable, and my doubts were founded upon a pounds, shillings, and pence view of the matter; for I do not suppose that the Messrs. Routledge, any more than any of the rest of us, thought as much of the "interests of humanity," which could be softened and improved by the perusal of Bulwer's works, as they did of the profit which might accrue to them from the transaction. At least, if they did, they are not the men of business I take them to be, and the sooner they retire the better.

The next specimen of cheap literature, I find, comes from the same publishers, but is an American work; and surely no complaints of metaphysical writing or philosophical controversy can be urged against the lady, who, under the name of Fanny Fern, pours forth such tones of trash into the British market. Coarse vulgarity, strivings after humour, the most forced sentiment, and the most far-fetched similes, constitute this lady's claim to the admiration of the maid servants and apprentices, of whom she is at once the solace and the delight. No natural sketch has ever come from her pen. Everything is over-done and caricatured, while phrases are introduced which would be considered strong, ay, even by Mrs. Trollope; and after that, I think I need say no more! The new book, "Rose Clark," is a worthy companion for its predecessors, reading like a tale written partly by Mr. Mystery-of-London Reynolds, and partly by a City missionary. Mrs. Fern is good at the Alexander Dumas gold-beating style of literature, making a little matter cover much paper—

"Would the cloud never roll away?
"Must it always be so?
"Would Venus never come to claim her?
"Would a life of pure rectitude never meet its reward?
"Would the world's scorn at Magdalen be her earthly bliss?
"Would the sweet faint of her boy's life be turned to bitterness?
"Would he grow up to blush at his mother's name?
"Would his hand be raised in deadly fray to avenge the undeserved taunt which yet he knew not how to repel?
"O Vincent!"

And for the following description of a cure for drunkenness, deserves the thanks of Mr. George Cruikshank:

"One day, a thought occurred to me by which I might perchance keep the demon at bay; I would wait for him at where he was craving thirst took possession of my husband. I would give him a substitute, in the shape of some hot chocolate, of which he was passionately fond. I denied myself any comfort to procure it. I prepared it exactly to his taste; it was ready to the minute that the tempting hand was wont to alight on his ear. I was fast upon the ground; I forced a led the demon. The satiated appetite heeded not his duties entreaties. My husband snatched me on his arm; he called me his saviour, his preserver. He again entered the shop of his employer; it was near the house, so it was easy for me to run over with the tempting beverage; I watched him night and day; I anticipated his every wish. My husband was again clothed, and in his right mind. We both learned our dependence on a stronger arm than each other's. Riches came with industry; our last days were our best days."

"And now, my dear child," and the old lady smiled through her tears, "there is music to my ears, even in these rushing waters; for he who sleeps beneath them fills no drunkard's grave. What matters it by what longer or shorter road we travel, so that heaven be grieved at last?"

As soon as Henry Russell sees this, you may depend upon it that "The Drunkard's Draught" will take the town by storm.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

GOSPEL.

IN my notice last week of the *Olympie*, I omitted to say that I did not arrive in time to see the first piece, the "Jealous Wife," and so I send you some original remarks I have received from my unknown but always welcome correspondent, "Trois Etoiles," who, at the conclusion of a long and critical letter, says:—

"For the first time since I first addressed you, I went to the theatre the other night, and saw that tiny genius, Robinson, in the fairy piece. This was preceded by the 'Jealous Wife,' which was preceded by a very poor band to refresh my ears, and some very feeble new decorations (largely advertised in the play-bills) to gladden my eyes. Can you persuade Mr. Wigan to have done with fine old English comedies, and to purchase a table-cloth to replace the striped shawl which at present serves that purpose in Mrs. Oakley's drawing-room? It is most probably the property of one of the carpenter's wives. There is a medium between the shabbiness of the *Olympie* and the obstructive luxury of the Princess's management, which Mr. Wigan might wisely and profitably attain. As regards the time of opening and shutting his house, he is already in advance of his brother managers. If he would only but make eight o'clock the time of commencement, and give the audience only a quarter instead of half an hour to assemble, he would get me oftener to pay him two shillings, with many thanks for three hours of comfortable enjoyment."

The "Jealous Wife" has also been revived at the Princess's, with much success, the principal parts being filled by Mr. and Mrs. Kean.

I am given to understand that the promised skit, "Twenty Minutes with an Impudent Puppy," at Drury Lane, and the drama, "Boots of the Holy-Tree Inn," at the Adelphi, are postponed *sine die*.

Miss P. Horton is again about to appear before the public, in her clever musical entertainment, originally called "Illustrative Gatherings." The responsibilities of the "direction" are to be undertaken by those whose experience in business matters renders them better qualified for the task than the lady herself; and for a *locale* she has selected the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street, where she will be the first person who has essayed an entertainment which does not consist exclusively of dioramic representations. Messrs. Grieve and Telbin are engaged in preparing the scenery, with a view to preserve the character which this establishment has always borne for pictorial effects.

AH, HENRY, I'M VERY ILL!—A good version of the old parrot story. "I think the more!" is going the round of the French papers. A Doctor of Boréage recently possessed a pet magpie, who constantly hearing his master's adjectives repeat, in answer to the solicitous inquiries of a sympathetic valet—"Ah, Henry, I'm very ill!" learnt the phrase by heart, so as to speak it with marvellous distinctness; it was, in fact, his unique form of expression. The magpie escaped to the neighbouring rural district, and was shot by a sporting peasant. The latter ran to pick up his prize. The dying bird opened its eyes, and said, looking up dolefully at its murderer, "Ah, Henry, I'm very ill!" The peasant's name was Henry. He dropped his victim and his gun, took to his heels, and is supposed to have sunk, exhausted, at the door of the nearest lunatic asylum, for admission to those privileges the recent adventure had duly qualified him.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF THE POET ROGERS.

THE house in which Rogers the poet was born, is situated at one corner of Stoke Newington Green, Middlesex, and is now in the occupation of Haven Kaye, Esq. Sir George Colebrook resided here prior to the house passing into the hands of Rogers's father. It stands in extensive grounds, and is entirely surrounded by handsome trees of various kinds. The grounds are all kept in the most perfect order, the same as when Rogers lived here. The house is substantial and spacious, one of those pleasant, old-fashioned, commodious, roomy, and agreeable abodes, which are unfortunately fast disappearing from the face of the land. Altogether it forms a charming rural residence, adapted alike for the country retreat of the imaginative poet as for that of the wealthy merchant.

A short time previously to the poet's death—led, we may suppose, by the impulse which renders most men desirous of revisiting the scenes of their youth, and especially the place of their birth—Rogers paid a farewell visit, as he termed it, to this his early home; and who can doubt but that he then experienced all the "pleasures of memory," though, most probably, some also of its pangs, whilst passing through the grounds, in which he had gambled as a boy, and musingly sauntered as a man; and inspecting the old study in which he wrote that poem, more than any other universally connected with his name, "The Pleasures of Memory;" and the dining-room where he had dispensed a liberal hospitality to the departed literary celebrities of his day. We are informed that the octogenarian seemed to be extremely delighted with the result of his pilgrimage, and he was heard to express his regret that he had ever parted with the home of his youth.

Newington Green, the birth-place of Rogers, has, in the words of William Howitt, "all the marks of an old locality." In this neighbourhood the Tudor princes used to live. Canonbury, between this Green and Islington, was a favourite hunting seat of Elizabeth, and no doubt the woods and wastes extended all round this neighbourhood. There is Kingsland, now all built on; there is Henry VIII.'s Walk, and Queen Elizabeth's Walk, all in the vicinity; and this old quiet Green seems to retain a feeling and an aspect of those times. It is built round with houses, evidently of a considerable age. There are trees and quietness about it still. In the centre of the south side, is an old house standing back, which is said to have been inhabited by Henry VIII. At the end next to Stoke Newington, stands an old Presbyterian chapel, at which the celebrated Dr. Price preached, and of which afterwards the husband of Mrs. Barbauld was the minister. Near this chapel Defoe was educated, and the house still remains. In this green lived, too, Mary Woistoncraft, being engaged with another



ROGERS'S BIRTHPLACE AT NEWINGTON GREEN.

lady in keeping a school. Samuel Rogers was born in the stuccoed house at the south-west corner, which is much older than it seems. Adjoining it is a large old garden. Here his father and his mother's father lived before him. By the mother's side, he was descended from the celebrated Philip Henry, the father of Mathew Henry, and was therefore of an old Nonconformist family. Mr. Rogers's grandfather was a gentleman, pursuing no profession; but his father engaged in banking. Mr. Rogers continued to reside in this house till after his father's death, and wrote and published here his "Pleasures of Memory," which appeared a short time before his father's decease.

OYSTER FISHING ON THE WELSH COAST.

THE Welsh oyster beds commence just outside the Mumble Head, Swansea Harbour, and extend in a line, more or less broken, to Tenby and Milford. The dredging the Mumbles is carried on by two or three classes of boats, belonging to companies formed of residents. The members of these,

that residents in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill remember with regret a long line of dull boarding conceals, for the most part, the preparations that have been made for a new fashionable square, in a still more westerly direction than any yet erected. The war, the tightness of the money market, and the bad state of the building trade, have, it is believed, combined to interfere with the rapid progress of this scheme. In addition to these obstacles, there is, we believe, another, for a story is told of some lady who has a little cottage and a scrap of garden ground, the right to which she acquired in years gone by, when the land was not worth the looking after, but to quit which she now demands some preposterous sum of money—a cool couple of thousand pounds or so—well knowing that her dilapidated hovel will not only be an eyesore in the neighbourhood of such magnificent tenements as are about to be erected, but will seriously interfere with the symmetrical designs of the architect engaged in laying out the ground. Although the proposed range of noble mansions exists yet only in the plans of the architect, we are happy to say that a church

with their families are, for the part, engaged, on and after the September, early and late on dredging and packing for the export trade. The engraving represents a party of fishermen going on their vessels, on a dredging expedition. They generally leave at tide; and frequently as many of them may be seen crowded in a small shore-boat, whence they are shipped on board the larger craft.

The method of dredging is by letting down a large triangular iron net with a chain bag. Attached to the lower part is a broad sharp scum net, which forces the oysters into the bag. When this is full, which is ascertained by the weight, it is hauled on board, and after the oysters are emptied into the boat, is let down again for a fresh supply. The small boats are supplied with a beam of wood at the stern, which goes by the name of a "davit," together with a hole for the rope from the dredge to pass through, and which acts as a lever to assist in hauling up the dredge when full.

While dredging, the boats are either under sail, or are propelled with oars. The smaller boats are near the shore, as it requires less power for deep-water dredging, which is therefore generally performed in larger craft under sail.

Our engraving is copied from a clever picture, painted by Mr. Pritchard, of Bristol, and its truth to nature will be readily recognised by all those who are familiar with the picturesque scenes of the oyster districts.

CHRIST CHURCH, BAYSWATER

OPPOSITE to Kensington Gardens, in the Bayswater Road, on the site of some pleasant nursery ground,



OYSTER FISHING—PUTTING TO SEA.—(FROM A PAINTING BY E. F. D. PRITCHARD.)

the accommodation of their future occupants has been already built, and is now opened for Divine service.

This church is elegant in form, and reflects credit on the Architects, the Messrs. Francis, of Bedford Place. The building consists of a nave, side-aisles, transepts, chancel, and porch, together with a tower and spire at the South-west end. The length of the nave is about 113 feet, the total width of the church is about 63 feet, and the transepts 91 feet long by 26 wide; the chancel is 32 feet by 24; the spire is not yet added to the edifice, being left until the necessary funds are provided for the addition.

The roof is of a lofty pitch. The hammer-beams are with open tracing. The pews and fittings are of stained deal; the stained-glass windows are by Wiles, of Newcastle; and the flooring is composed of encaustic tiles manufactured by Minton; the pulpit and readings are of oak. There are galleries on both sides of the nave, but so constructed as not to appear too prominent, and spoil the general effect of the church, which has altogether a tasteful and elegant appearance. The total cost has been about £15,000. The contractor is Mr. Myers, of Linton.

The Committee on the Cholera outbreak, during the summer of 1854, in the Parish of St. James's, Piccadilly, selected this locality of Craven Hill, in an indirect way, as the famous Pest Field that is supposed to have been the original cause of the numerous deaths that ensued, and caused such alarm throughout the western division of the metropolis; for it seems that the victims were for the most part occupants of houses erected on its site. The Committee's report stated the history of this Pest Field to be connected with the name of William, the renowned Earl of Craven, the same who fought under Gustavus Adolphus; and married, it is said, to Elizabeth, daughter of James I. and Queen of Bohemia; and, having lived through troublous times, reluctantly surrendered, at the head of the Coldstream regiment, the protection of St. James's Palace to the Dutch Guards of the Prince of Orange. This remarkable man, who died in 1697, at the great age of 88, continued to reside at Craven House, Drury Lane, throughout the whole time of the plague in 1665-6. He first purchased a field on which pest-houses (to be 36 in number) were built by him for persons afflicted with that disease, and in which a common burial-ground was made for thousands who died of it. In 1657, the Earl gave this field and its houses in trust for the poor of St. Clement's Danes, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, St. James's, Westminster, and St. Paul's, Covent Garden, to be used only in case of the plague re-appearing; and the place came to be known as the Earl of Craven's Pest Field, the Pest Field, the Pest-house Field, or Craven Field. In 1734, the surrounding district having become covered with houses and streets, a private Act, 24 George II. c. 11, discharged this Pest-house Field from its charitable trusts, transferring them without alteration to other land and messuages at and near Byard's Watering Place (Bayswater), Paddington, now called Craven Hill.

RUGELEY, AND PALMER'S HOUSE.

WHEN a man becomes notorious, either in consequence of noble or ignoble deeds, the town, village, or neighbourhood in which he lived becomes notorious also. His fame attaches itself, so to speak, to the very house in which his plans were drawn up; and, as in the present case, when the occupant has been accused of deeds of a nefarious



CHRIST CHURCH, CRAVEN HILL, BAYSWATER.

character, the public gaze with a certain mysterious kind of interest on the bricks and mortar which screened for a time the culprit from the scrutinising glance of the administrators of justice. It will be a long time before the name of Palmer is forgotten in Rugeley, and perhaps as long before those living at a distance from the place will cease to associate Rugeley with Palmer and poison. Nay, more improbable transformations have taken place than that of substituting Palmer for poison, and Palmerising for poisoning. The public feeling in connection with this name seems already to suggest something of the kind. Be that, however, as it may, such is the present general excitement respecting this extraordinary case, that everything connected with William Palmer is read or looked at with no ordinary interest.

As our object is to gratify all laudable curiosity on the part of the public, we sent our artist last week to Rugeley, that he might sketch one or two views which might suggest an idea of the place about which they have already so often read in our columns. In the accompanying engraving is depicted the portion of the High Street in which Palmer's house is situated—the old-fashioned residence next door to the Bell; on the opposite side is the Talbot Arms Inn, where Cook died. Like similar places in country towns, it has a somewhat dreary aspect, with a dilapidated sign, hanging in a funeral manner in front, facing Palmer's house; and in times past, when the wind blew somewhat roughly, it creaked in an uninviting manner, sarcastically endeavouring, as it would seem, to impress the sentiment emblazoned on its arms, "Nihil humani alienum."

The town of Rugeley is within half a mile from the station of that name on the Trent Valley branch of the London and North-Western Railway. Palmer's house is, as we have already intimated, situated in the middle of the principal street of the town, and belongs to the Earl of Lichfield. Our artist represents the house as old-fashioned though comfortable in appearance, with large and beautifully kept gardens. It is now shut up, and has a desolate look.

The house of Mrs. Palmer, sen., William Palmer's mother, which is called "The Yard," from the fact of Palmer's father and grandfather having carried on an extensive business as sawyers and dealers in timber, is about midway between the station and William Palmer's house. It abuts upon the old churchyard, in which the Palmer family have a vault, and is a commodious and well-furnished residence.

Rugeley is an exceedingly well-built town, shared nearly equally by Lord Anglesey, Lord Lichfield, and Lord Talbot. It is celebrated for its horse-fair, lasting six days, in the month of June, and more horses are said to be furnished to the Government for military purposes from this place than from any other quarter of the kingdom.

THE RUGELEY POISONING CASE.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

THE adjournment of the inquest on the body of Walter Palmer will be the means of throwing considerable additional light upon the circumstances connected with these cases. The papers found at Palmer's house, and other documentary evidence, are of a character to criminate others as accessories either before or after the death of the deceased, and the names of more than one person, who appeared to have acted directly in conjunction with, and under the influence of Palmer, have been mentioned. The deposi-



THE HIGH STREET, RUGELEY.—(FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.)

tion of Mrs. Walter Palmer, given in evidence on Tuesday last week, states with great clearness that Walter Palmer visited her at Charlton Street, Liverpool, on 11th of August, 12 days before his death, and that he appeared to be in very good health and spirits. "I don't think," he remained with her for days—that they went out every day together for a walk, accompanied by the lady with whom Mrs. Walter Palmer was residing (Mrs. Beverly)—and that, although wine was on the table, he drank only a glass of bitter beer. Mrs. Palmer stated that her husband left her on the 19th, in excellent health, and that, on the following day, he wrote her a letter, expressing the pleasure it would afford him to see her again in a few days in company with his sister Miss Sarah Palmer, adding, "you can put me anywhere." She heard nothing of her husband's state until the 17th of the same month, when William Palmer called upon her, and informed her that her husband was dead, having died of apoplexy the previous day. Mrs. Palmer asked how it was that she had not been sent for or summoned by telegraph, but William Palmer told her the circumstances of his death were so distressing that he did not like to expose her to the painful trial of witnessing his end. She then expressed her intention to return to Stafford immediately to see the body of her husband, but William dissuaded her, alleging that Walter had burst a blood-vessel, and that his body was dreadfully disfigured in consequence. He also stated that he had been obliged to put him in a lead coffin, and that it was already fastened down. Mrs. Palmer reluctantly consented to be guided by his advice; and in a few weeks afterwards received an application from William Palmer for the payment of certain sums of money, which he alleged Walter Palmer had obtained from him, on the promise that his wife, who had an independence of her own, would repay him. This statement is, however, at variance with the admissions of William Palmer to several persons, his story being, that the advances made to Walter were conditional upon his consenting to insure his life in his favour, and that the insurance was to cover any future advances.

Walkeden, the principal witness who spoke to the state of health of Walter Palmer for the week before his decease, appears to have been a keeper appointed and paid by William Palmer to live with his brother, and supply him with immense quantities of ardent spirits. He was formerly a publican in Stafford, and Walter Palmer boarded and lodged in his house. Walter removed, about six months before his death, to a small house in Castle Terrace, Stafford, a few hundred yards from the Junction Hotel, where William Palmer generally put up when he went to Stafford, and Walkeden and his wife accompanied him there, and kept house for him. Walkeden appears never to have left him alone, except for a few hours. It is proved that Walter Palmer went about with him more as an imbecile person might do with his keeper, than as a free agent. They went to races together, visited public-houses and places of amusement together, and Walkeden admits that for this description of service he was paid 20s. a week. His receipts for this stipend have been found, but as they purport to be receipts from "Mr. W. Palmer," not Mr. William Palmer, there is no direct evidence to show that William, and not Walter Palmer, was the paymaster. Walter Palmer's small all-vance from his mother, and the trifling advances from his brother, would alone seem to negative the supposition that he could have paid 30s. a week out of £2 a week, as wages to his attendant.

The evidence of Walkeden, that William Palmer never visited his brother from the Saturday before his death until the morning on which that event happened, is completely contradicted by the evidence of Palmer's own diary, in which he states that on Sunday, the 12th of August, he visited his brother twice. The diary also contains entries showing that he went to Stafford every day between Sunday and the following Thursday, and that he went to Liverpool on the Friday (the 17th), to acquaint his brother's wife of his death. The evidence of Mr. Lloyd, the landlord of the Junction Hotel, Stafford, and of the "boots," also proves that Palmer was in Stafford, and visited his brother on every day of the week, from Sunday to the Thursday, both days inclusive.

Thomas Myatt, boots at the Grand Junction Hotel, Stafford, proved—that two days before Walter Palmer died, William Palmer brought him two bottles wrapped up in paper to take care of. The next day, while in the stable of the Hotel, he saw him pour something from one of these bottles out into a small phial, which he took away with him. The witness further stated, that after he had been in company with some gentlemen from London, who made inquiries of him respecting Walter Palmer's death, William Palmer treated him to some brandy, which made him very sick and ill. The landlord of the same hotel corroborated the evidence of the boots with reference to seeing Palmer pour the liquid from the larger bottle into the smaller, and he moreover stated, the liquid was pure like water.

After various agents of Insurance offices had been examined with reference to different proposals for insuring the life of Walter Palmer, the jury intimated that they required the re-attendance of the medical witnesses, and the inquiry was thereupon adjourned for a week.

THE INSURANCE PROPOSALS.—PALMER'S PECUNIARY DIFFICULTIES.
The interviews between Walter and William Palmer, at the Gresham Assurance office, in the Old Jewry, are spoken of by Mr. Farren, the actuary and secretary of that office.

The following is Mr. Farren's account of the transaction:—It appears that the proposal for insuring the life of Walter Palmer for £15,000 was left at the office of the company by a person who was not known there. It was stated in the proposal paper that Walter Palmer had suffered from one attack of *delirium tremens*; that he was unmarried; that his general health was good; and that he was not then addicted to habits of intemperance. Mr. Farren, thinking the amount proposed for insurance was a large one, required that Walter Palmer should attend in London and be examined by their own medical man. He also directed an inquiry to be made in Rugeley as to his habits of life. A communication was, in consequence, made to the office by Mr. Fawke, a respectable chemist and druggist residing in Rugeley—and the same gentleman is foreman of the coroner's jury now inquiring into the death of Walter Palmer—and his representation not being satisfactory, Mr. Farren resolved not to recommend the life for acceptance to his board, unless upon certain conditions, and after a satisfactory medical examination. An appointment was made for Walter Palmer, in London, and he attended with his brother. Mr. Alfred Smees, the medical officer of the society, then carefully examined Walter Palmer, and reported that he could not detect any traces of organic disease. Mr. Farren inquired of Walter what his intentions were, and whether he really meant to abandon his habits of intemperance, and lead a new life? Walter Palmer, who appeared to be in low spirits, said that such was his desire, but that "drunk was always ready for him," and that he could not resist the temptation. He also added, that he was very unhappy, and that his brother would not allow him any money unless he insured his life. Mr. Farren told him that he had no organic disease, and that if the office was convinced that William Palmer sincerely desired to protect his brother from the influences which appeared to surround him, and that if he were placed in a comfortable home, where his habits would be under some control, they would not object to insure his life, on the condition that they were not to pay if he died within five years from the completion of the policy. The office made this condition, feeling assured, from the medical examination of Mr. Smees, that if Walter Palmer resisted the temptation of drink for five years, his natural constitution was so sound and good that his life might then be fairly insurable. William Palmer demurred to these terms, and asked whether the life would not be accepted upon some more favourable conditions, urging that his brother's life, now that he was reformed, was as good a life as could be found. Mr. Farren said that if that were so, and that Mr. William Palmer was really going to take care of his brother, and had such an excellent opinion of his life, he could not reasonably object to be his own insurer five years. William Palmer's reply was, "That would not suit my book at all." Both brothers then left the office, and in a few days afterwards (less than a week) Walter Palmer died.

Mr. George Palmer, the solicitor, of Rugeley, states that he has been instructed to pay the whole of the forced acceptances as far as they represent the actual sum advanced to William Palmer, with interest at the rate of five per cent. The offer, we believe, has been accepted.

Mr. Smith, of Birmingham, who is conducting the defence of William Palmer, has resolved to take the necessary steps to have the prisoner's

trial either in London or at some town on the circuit, on the ground that the public prejudice existing against him in Stafford is so great as to preclude the possibility of a fair trial. The Crown, we are informed, will not resist the application.

It is also the intention to dispute the fact in bankruptcy, Palmer's creditors alleging that the whole of his property has been swept away by Mr. Wright, a solicitor, of Birmingham, who holds a policy on his life in the Albion for £5,000, and who is otherwise secured beyond the amount of his debt.

COMMITTEE OF THE POSTMASTER—POSITION OF THE CORONER.

As stated in our last week's number, the postmaster of Rugeley has been suspended by order of the Government, and proceedings commenced against him, for opening a letter addressed by Dr. Taylor to the solicitor for the prosecution against Palmer. The investigation of the charge against Mr. Cheshire was resumed on Thursday at the Talbot Inn. Connected with this part of the proceedings, is the case of Mr. Wm. Webb Ward, the coroner, before whom the inquiry respecting the death of Mr. Cook took place. In order to a proper understanding of the position in which the coroner is placed, we here give the gist of the evidence of G. Bates, a servant at the inn in Rugeley. It was to the effect that on the 8th of December, just prior to the inquest on the body of Cook, he (Bates) conveyed a letter and a quantity of game from Palmer to the coroner, and that on the following Thursday Palmer again sent for him, and on his arrival at Palmer's house the latter was in bed; that he borrowed a £5 note from Mr. Thurlby for Palmer; that on his return with the £5 Palmer asked him to look into the looking-glass drawer and tell him the amount of a note that was there; that he looked into the drawer, and told Palmer it was £50; that he then left the room in consequence of some one calling upon Palmer, and that on his return to the room Palmer gave him a letter, and requested him to take it to Stafford, and deliver it to Mr. Ward, adding, "Take care that no one sees you besides Mr. Ward." He (Bates) went with the letter as requested by Palmer, and met the coroner near the railway station, on his return from an inquest, when he gave him the letter. Bates added: As I did not wish to be seen with Mr. Ward (recollecting Mr. Palmer's instructions to me), I returned back into the station. Subsequently I went to the Junction Inn to procure a conveyance to take me on my road to Rugeley, and saw Mr. Ward sitting, with eight or ten other persons, in the smoking-room. On getting back to Rugeley I communicated the result of my journey to Mr. Palmer.

The coroner's clerk was then called, and said that Mr. Ward gave him two letters, and desired him to give them to the Magistrates. One of these letters was directed to the Magistrates, enclosing another addressed to "William Webb Ward, Esq.," and is as follows:—

"My dear Sir,—I am sorry to tell you that I am still confined to my bed. I do not think it was mentioned at the inquest yesterday, that Cook was taken ill on Sunday and Monday night, in the same way as he was on the Tuesday night, when he died. The chambermaid at the Crown Hotel, Masters, can prove this. I also believe that a man by the name of Fisher is coming to prove that he received money at Shrewsbury. Now here he could only pay 5s. in £10 out of £41 he owed him. Had you better not call Smith to the stand? And again whatever Professor Taylor may say to-morrow, he was from London last Tuesday night to Gardner to say, 'We and Dr. Rees have the day finished our analyses, and find no traces of either strychnine, prussic acid, or opium.' What can be this from a man like Taylor, if he says what he has already said, and Dr. Harbison's evidence? Mind you, I know, and saw it in black and white, what Taylor said to Gardner, but this is strictly private and CONFIDENTIAL, but it is true. As regards his betting-book, I know nothing of it, and it is of no good to any one. I hope the verdict to-morrow will be that he died of natural causes, and thus end it. Ever yours, Wm. P."

The presiding Magistrate remarked that this letter was without date, and that it was believed another letter had been sent by Palmer to the coroner. Mr. Ward's clerk said, the coroner denied having received any other letter from Palmer than the one produced.

George Bates was then recalled, and repeated the statements made in his former examination, as given above. He distinctly swore to delivering a letter from Palmer to Mr. Ward on the 8th of December, at the Dolphin, on the same day as he took him the game from Palmer, delivering it at the office; and also to delivering a second letter from Palmer to Mr. Ward on the 13th of December. He met Mr. Ward coming from the railway station at Stafford, between the station and the Junction Hotel, and it was there he gave him the letter.

The prisoner, Mr. Cheshire, was fully committed for trial, but was admitted to bail, himself in £100, and two sureties in £50 each.

ARRIVAL OF PALMER IN LONDON.

William Palmer arrived in London on Sunday last, from Stafford Gaol. He was accompanied by three officers of the Staffordshire police, in plain clothes, and on alighting from the railway carriage at Euston station he was at once placed in a cab and conveyed to the House of Detention, at Clerkenwell, preparatory to being brought up at the Lord Chancellor's Court, on Monday, for examination as a witness in a civil action.

Palmer is represented as a good-looking man, with an open countenance, light hair, and sandy whiskers; he stands 5 feet 9 inches high, and weighs about 14 stone.

On Monday, he was brought before the Queen's Bench, at Westminster Hall, under a writ of *habeas corpus*, to give evidence in an action brought by a Mr. Padwick against Mrs. Palmer, his mother, residing at Rugeley, to recover the sum of £2,000, due on a bill of exchange. The action in which he appeared as a witness was appointed to be heard at 11 o'clock, before Mr. Justice Erle and a jury in the Lord Chancellor's court; and as early as 9 o'clock a crowd began to assemble outside, opposite the judges' private entrance to the court, and in front of the public entrance in Westminster Hall. The court, not much larger than an ordinary dining-room, was speedily filled almost to suffocation, and the Judge then gave directions to close the doors, when hundreds who had joined in the struggle for admission were excluded, and remained for some time in disappointed groups on the floor of the hall. Another large assemblage stood outside in Margaret Street for upwards of two hours, awaiting the return of Palmer from the court, and eager to catch a glimpse of him as he was borne away from the door.

THE EXAMINATION OF PALMER.

The action was one brought by Henry Padwick against Sarah Palmer, as the acceptor of a bill of exchange drawn by William Palmer upon and accepted by Sarah Palmer for £2,000, dated the 3rd of July, 1854, payable three months after date, and endorsed by William Palmer to the plaintiff. The defendant pleaded that she did not accept the bill.

It appeared from the statement of the counsel for the plaintiff that Mr. Padwick was a gentleman of some property, and of the highest respectability; and William Palmer was introduced to Mr. Padwick in 1854 for the purpose of having an advance of money upon a bill of exchange. William Palmer was the owner of a considerable number of race horses, and got into pecuniary embarrassments. Mr. Padwick advanced him £2,000 upon this bill, and William Palmer had paid a sum of £1,000 in reduction of it, and had given two cheques in payment of the residue, which were dishonoured. Mr. Padwick was therefore a creditor for £1,000, for which he had a warrant of attorney, under which he issued execution, and William Palmer was arrested on the 12th of December. During the time he was so in custody those investigations had taken place which had necessarily attracted the attention not only of this country, but of the whole world, but of which at the time Mr. Padwick had not the slightest notion; but it so happened that, being in custody under Mr. Padwick's writ of execution, he was taken from the custody of the sheriff, and removed into criminal custody. Mr. Padwick was extremely anxious that when, on the one hand, it should not be thought he was pursuing a man under such circumstances, rumours having reached him that the bill was a forgery, he thought it right to adopt the honourable course of letting a jury test whether William Palmer had forged the name of his mother or not.

On behalf of the defendant the following witnesses were called, whose evidence we here subjoin:—

Sarah Palmer—I am a widow, and am more than 60. I saw this bill for the first time on Saturday last. There is not one letter in my writing. It is not my acceptance. I first heard of this bill on the 12th of December. No application had been made to me before for payment. I never gave any one authority to sign that acceptance for me. About three years ago I accepted two bills for my son William. The two did not amount to £700. I had a security for them. I never accepted for so

large an amount as £1,000. I accepted one in favour of Paul's, and it was to George's son William. It might be seven or eight years ago. My son applied to me to accept it. My security, I dare say, covered that. It was on race property in Staffordshire for £5,000 or £6,000. It was for a loan of money made at different times. I did not know who the last one was to be given to at the time. My son said I should not have to pay it. I have paid £260 towards it. I never accepted more than that for him. I did not give a cheque in favour of Mr. Padwick for £1,000. I have looked for money yet. Rugeley and Lichfield. In December, 1852, I did not give a cheque in favour of Mr. Padwick. My son George had all to do with the bill. I don't know that I gave him a cheque for £1,000 payable to Mr. Padwick. I am sure as to whether I drew such a cheque. The whole of the money I advanced for William was £5,000 or £6,000, and it was upon the Lichfield Bank. It was advanced to him more than three years ago. Indeed, I do not know whose handwriting this acceptance is. These receipts are mine. I never was asked to pay on any other bill than the one on which I paid the £260. I have never given my son more than £100 bills. He is indebted to me now. I don't know what he owes me. I have not made a calculation at all. I did not know a claim was made upon me for £1,000 upon a bill drawn by my son upon me. I never heard of it. I found the money to pay the bill I accepted, but I did not expect to have to do so. I have not made promissory notes for my son.

George Palmer—I am an attorney at Rugeley, and son of the last witness. This acceptance is not in her handwriting. In October, 1852, my brother was embarrassed, and my mother made him an advance of £5,000, and I went first to Mr. Padwick and paid him £1,000, which was upon a warrant of attorney, and not upon a bill of exchange. I don't know of the deed mentioned by Mr. Erle; I never heard of it till to-day. Mr. Padwick never named a bill. I paid money for my brother on my mother's account to the amount of £5,000.

Sarah Palmer—I am the daughter of Mrs. Sarah Palmer. This acceptance, I am sure, is not my mother's handwriting. This to two other bills is hers. Her hand is tremendous. I heard my brother William ask my mother to accept a bill of small amount (£500), which she did.

Thomas Palmer—I am a clergyman, and the son of the defendant. I do not believe this acceptance to be in my mother's handwriting. These others I do believe to be hers. The "r" is perfectly unlike, as is the "h." The signature, taken as a whole, is very unlike. Her hand is tremendous. These receipts are hers. I should not say it was a flowing hand, but contracted. It is not the character of her hand.

T. S. Strawbridge—I am the manager of the Rugeley Bank, and know the defendant's handwriting. This acceptance is certainly not in her hand. I should not have paid it. The other acceptances are hers. The "r" in Sarah is never joined to the "a."

William Palmer was then called by Mr. James.

Mr. James—Take that bill of exchange for £2,000 in your hand. Is the signature to the drawing and endorsement yours?—Witness: Yes. You applied to Mr. Padwick to advance money on that bill?—Witness: Yes. Who wrote the acceptance, "Sarah Palmer"?—Aunt Palmer: Who is she? She is now dead. Do you mean your wife?—Yes. Did you see her write it?—Yes. You may now retire.

William Palmer then retired, very strongly guarded.

After this evidence, the counsel for the plaintiff retired from the case and the jury accordingly gave a verdict for the defendant.

VERDICT AT THE INQUEST ON WALTER PALMER.

The inquest on the body of Walter Palmer was re-opened in the Town Hall, Rugeley, on Wednesday morning, when Dr. Taylor was again called. He seemed still to incline to the supposition that death had been the result of a dose of prussic acid administered within half an hour previously. He stated that the smell of the prussic acid could have been so disguised by the admixture of brandy and water that none of the peculiar odour belonging to this poison could have been detected after death. In proof of this, he exhibited a bottle containing 25 drops of prussic acid—sufficient to destroy life within 20 minutes—mixed with a table-spoonful of brandy and water, and the smell of the prussic acid was hardly perceptible. An additional spoonful of brandy and water would have effectually disguised it.

Whyman, the chemist's assistant at Wolverhampton, fixed the 11th of August as the day on which he had sold prussic acid to Palmer; and stated the time to have been between 12 and 1. Palmer's solicitor said this was a wicked and base fabrication, as Palmer left Stafford on that day by the 12 o'clock train, and consequently could not have been at Wolverhampton at the time stated. The witness was cross-examined to some extent as to his certainty of Palmer's identity.

The jury after being absent two hours, returned the following verdict:—"We find that Walter Palmer died from the effects of prussic acid; and that such prussic acid was wilfully administered by William Palmer."

ASSASSINATION OF MR. WAUGH, THE SOLICITOR.

As announced in a portion of our last week's impression, Mr. Waugh, the senior partner in the firm of Waugh and Mitchell, of No. 5, Great James Street, Bedford Row, was deliberately shot by a diminutive-looking person named Charles Broadfoot Westron, of 23, Newland Street, Kensington. While on his way to his offices, Mr. Waugh was accosted by Westron, who said, "You have compelled me to eat nothing but bread and cheese for a fortnight." He then deliberately shot him with a pistol. Mr. Waugh suddenly leaped up about a foot from the pavement, ejaculating "Oh, God! take him—hold him," and fell down dead. The murder was witnessed by several persons.

Immediately after firing the pistol, Westron was heard to exclaim, "I did it. I have not a friend in the world." He made no attempt to escape. Westron is about five feet three or four inches high, humpbacked, and otherwise deformed. He was dressed in a dark brown coat, and appears to have been possessed of property, and in easy circumstances. On arriving at the station, he was put into the dock. He said he was of no occupation, and lived on his means, but that he had been a clerk two years ago. The charge was then entered against him. After some minutes' silence he appeared to be aware of what he had done, and began to cry. He then said that Mr. Waugh had married his aunt, and had an estate of thirty acres of freehold land belonging to him, which he would never sell, nor permit him, the prisoner, to sell, and that therefore he had shot what he had done. He said that, but for Mr. Waugh, he should have had £800, but that Mr. Waugh had thrown his affairs into Chancery, and he could not get half that amount.

On Wednesday, Mr. Wakley, the coroner, succeeded in obtaining the presence of Westron at the inquest held on the body of Mr. Waugh. Westron, after being mixed up with a crowd of persons, was identified by Mr. Whitfield as the person who fired the pistol, as stated above. Other witnesses were called in corroboration, and the prisoner's solicitor stated, that it would be hereafter distinctly shown the prisoner was insane. Both his father and uncle had committed suicide during mental derangement, and his aunt died in a lunatic asylum.

The jury immediately returned a verdict of wilful murder.

THE PRISONER'S ANTECEDENTS.

It appears that both the murderer, Charles Broadfoot Westron, and the deceased, Mr. George Waugh, were natives of Somersetshire. Westron is the second son of Mr. Westron, a distiller of Wellington, in Somersetshire, who died by his own hand some years ago, while in an unsound state of mind. He left a large property behind him, to be shared principally between his two sons, the prisoner and his brother, who is at the present time staying with his uncle, Mr. Westron, landlord of the Elephant and Castle public-house, at Whitechapel. Mr. Waugh was solicitor to the father, and thus became acquainted with his murderer. Besides other property, the brothers were left some landed property in Exeter, and they were in receipt of a good yearly income from that source at the time of the murder. The accused, who was always looked upon as somewhat deranged in intellect, and who had been, on several occasions long prior to the murder, confined for various insane acts, had taken it into his head that Mr. Waugh had acted unjustly in some matters relative to the property. His brother positively states that there were no grounds for such an assumption. Mr. Waugh had ever acted with strict integrity towards them. He further stated that the accused was completely under a delusion as regarded Mr. Waugh's conduct. However, it appears from other information that there had

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